

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.



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It is the people outside the target area who would have to come to their aid. They would be the ones who would rescue the trapped and injured, stop the fires from spreading, feed and shelter the homeless. *If they knew how.*

Even in the critical days of evacuation and preparation before a war broke out, there would be immense tasks for the civil defence services.

Half a million people realise all this. They are training in civil defence and because of them, if war ever does come, thousands who might have died will live.

But still more help is wanted. There is a greater need than ever for *trained* Civil Defence Corps and Auxiliary Fire Service volunteers.

We are all thankful that for the present the threat of war has receded. But even though there is no crisis now, we must not relax. An organisation whipped together in a crisis would not be much good. If the civil defence services are to be a permanent part of our defences—as they must be—the time to train is now.

Now is the time to prepare

Civil Defence is a vigorous going concern. The A.F.S. is being equipped with new

fire-fighting apparatus of the very latest design. The Civil Defence Staff College and Tactical School has trained over 3,000 leaders for the Corps. Training and social centres are being opened all over the country. There is before Parliament a Bill to enable service men to be trained to take their places in mobile rescue and fire-fighting columns.

Thousands more are needed

But local civil defence organisations are the first line of civil defence, and thousands more volunteers are needed for spare-time training everywhere—right away.

Why not look into it? Ask about it at your Town Hall. Remember, the more men and women who train now—the fewer people will die if war should come.

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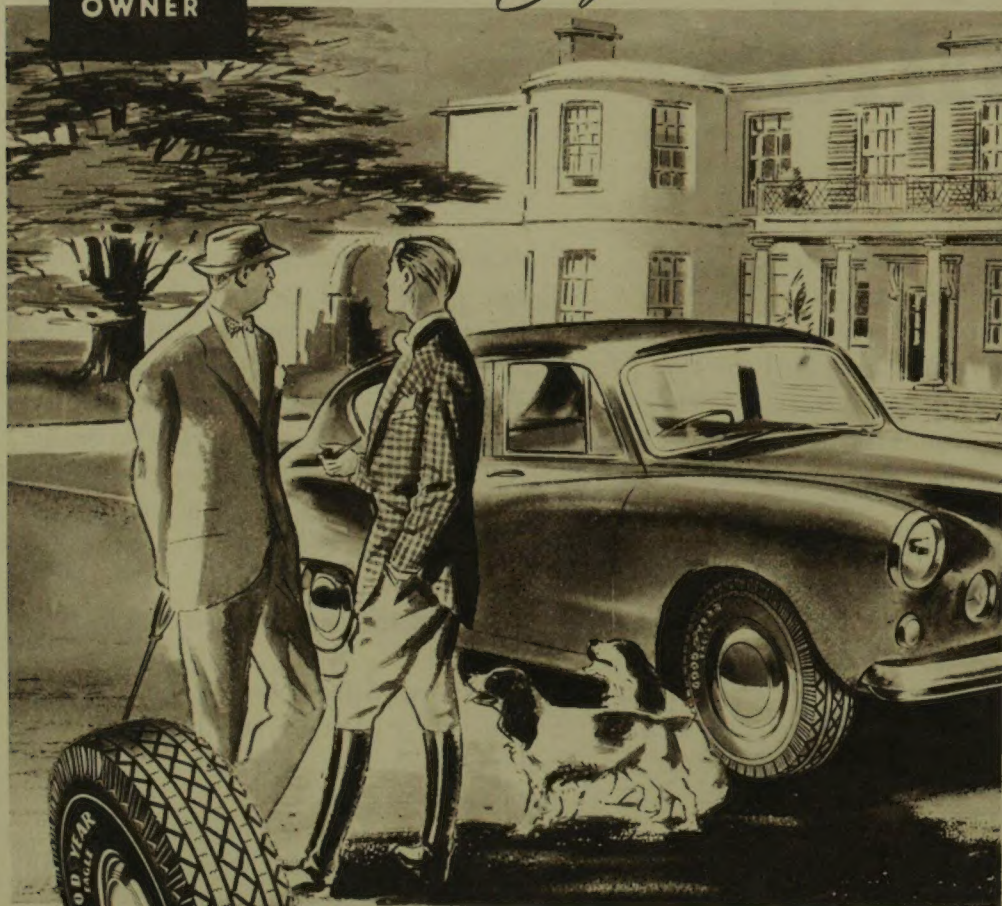


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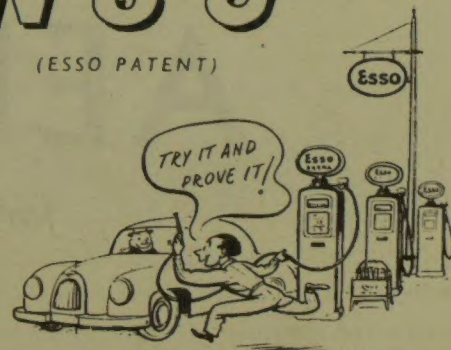
YOU CAN'T BEAT

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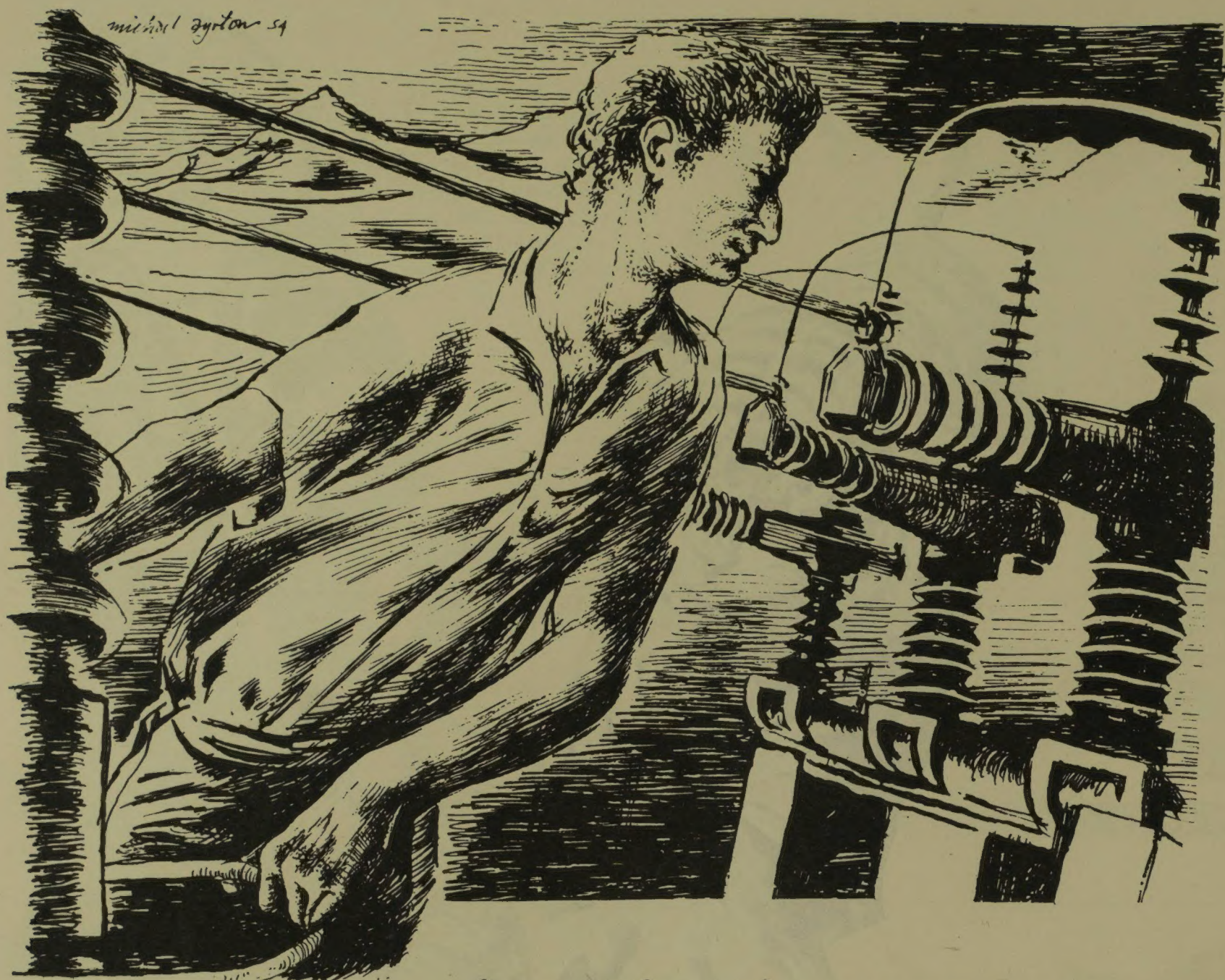
Touch the starter and feel your engine spring to life. Sweep forward with the swiftest, smoothest, most effortless acceleration you've ever known — the absolute supremacy of Esso Extra shows up instantly from the moment your first fill reaches the carburettor.

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HASAN IS PROUD that his job serves his country. More electricity means greater prosperity and a higher standard of living for Turkey. Hasan reckons that electricity is "*insaniyetin hayrınadır* — for the benefit of Man".

Hasan works at the Catalagzi Power Station, completed by Metropolitan-Vickers Electrical Co. Ltd. in 1948. Recently, the President of the Turkish Republic laid the foundation stone of new extensions that will double the size of the station.

Again Metropolitan-Vickers, one of the nine famous British companies that together make up A.E.I., are undertaking the work. The new contract calls for turbo-generating plant, boilers, switchgear, and all civil works, totalling some £3½ million.

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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1954.



A MACHINE WHICH MAY LEAD TO A REVOLUTION IN AERONAUTICAL DEVELOPMENT: THE ROLLS-ROYCE "FLYING BEDSTEAD"—A FANTASTIC BRITISH WINGLESS AIRCRAFT WHICH TAKES OFF VERTICALLY FROM A HORIZONTAL POSITION.

Ever since Mr. Sandys, the Minister of Supply, made the first public announcement on September 6 about Britain's aircraft with no wings or rotors which will take off vertically from a horizontal position, there has been much speculation about the appearance of this strange machine. How apt its nick-name, "the Flying Bedstead," is can be seen from this first official photograph of the machine in the air. The device is powered by two Rolls-Royce *Nene* engines set horizontally in opposition, one on either end of the framework. The jets from these engines are ducted through 90 degs., so that both engines discharge vertically downwards

under the centre of gravity. The pilot sits on a platform above the two engines. The control of the machine is effected by compressed air jets which are discharged through nozzles at the ends of cross arms, which can be seen clearly in this photograph. On August 3 all the check wires (used in initial tests) were removed and the machine, piloted by Captain Shepherd, took off at Hucknall for the first time in free flight. It remained airborne for nearly ten minutes, and during this time it moved about over the ground under the pilot's control at heights of from 5 to 10 ft., finally alighting at its starting-point. It has since flown at 25 ft.

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By ARTHUR BRYANT.

A REPRINT FROM OUR ISSUE OF JULY 4, 1936, OF THE FIRST ARTICLE BY THE FOURTH CONTRIBUTOR TO THIS PAGE.

THE other day I read in the paper an account of what struck me as a very shocking thing. Two English boys disgracefully maltreated a thrush. Being the sons of poor parents, they subsequently were brought before a bench of magistrates. The father of one of the boys had already taken the law into his own hands and given his son a thrashing. In this case, very properly as I think, the magistrates took no further action. The other boy had no father, and it seems that his mother, possibly because she was more in touch with the humanitarian spirit of the age, had refrained from punishing this small specimen of human imperfectibility. His punishment was, therefore, left to the Bench, who proceeded to impose a fine of half a crown, giving the poor woman, his mother, who has seven other children to support, a fortnight in which to pay.

I have no doubt that there were many extenuating circumstances in the case of which my newspaper told me nothing, and that, in any case, the magistrates acted only as the confused and bewildering modern laws of our country dictate. My quarrel is not with the sentence in this particular case, but with the whole attitude of our age towards acts of cruelty that make such a sentence possible. I am not even concerned with the thrush, who, after all, poor bird, is now dead, and can feel the cruelty of his fellow-creatures no more. But I am very much concerned about the boy who was denied the precious and educative experience of feeling at least a measure of the physical pain which he had helped to inflict on a defenceless animal. That boy, who while still untaught was scarcely to be blamed for acting as his baser nature prompted him, has been denied by those older and wiser than himself an essential lesson. Youth has only one real claim on age, but it is a vital one. When Mr. Winston Churchill was a small boy at Harrow, a kind old friend and master of mine was attempting to instruct his first form in mathematics. After struggling for some time with the apparently invincible ignorance of his pupils, he exclaimed indignantly, "What can I do with boys who know nothing?" Quick as lightning came the answer from the future historian of the "World Crisis," "Please, Sir, teach us." It might well have saved both himself and others from much possible future suffering if that unfortunate small boy standing before the kindly magistrates of his native place had had the wisdom to make the same request, and they to grant it.

Physical cruelty is a very unpleasant fact. But it is not to be eliminated, as modern democratic civilisation is apt to assume, by ignoring it. It happens to be one of the many vile tendencies inherent in human nature recurring with the birth of every child of Adam. For though we enter this world trailing clouds of glory, we enter it trailing other and darker clouds as well. Cruelty, like any other natural tendency to vice, can only be repressed by punishment. And the most deterrent form of punishment is that which most nearly brings home the crime to the delinquent. The only way to cure a bully is to give him a hiding. No one gains more by the experience than the bully himself. He becomes aware of something he had hitherto not suspected—the capacity of human nature for suffering. He starts to sympathise with himself, and if, like most young bullies, he has the right stuff in him, he ends by sympathising with others. The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom. The fear of the rod is the beginning of humane dealing.

I have just been re-reading a very remarkable book. It is called "Old Oak," and is published by Constable's at 3s. 6d. It was written eighteen years ago by an obscure country parson called Jack Linnell, who was born in 1842 and died in 1919. Its theme is the old rough rural England of the early nineteenth century, that bred the greatest generation of practical philanthropists and Christian gentlemen the world has ever known. It was an age that did not believe in treating children as though they were little saints, who had only to be given what they wanted and freed from all harsh restraint to attain to a state of perfect happiness in a kindly and rational world. It was, on the contrary, an age that believed that human beings were born with a curse on them, the curse of original sin; and born, moreover, to bear inevitable pain, suffering and ceaseless disappointment. But its stern philosophy was lightened by the heartening belief that, through the goodness of God and through his

own struggles, man could purge his nature of its baser elements and turn his troubles to glorious gain.

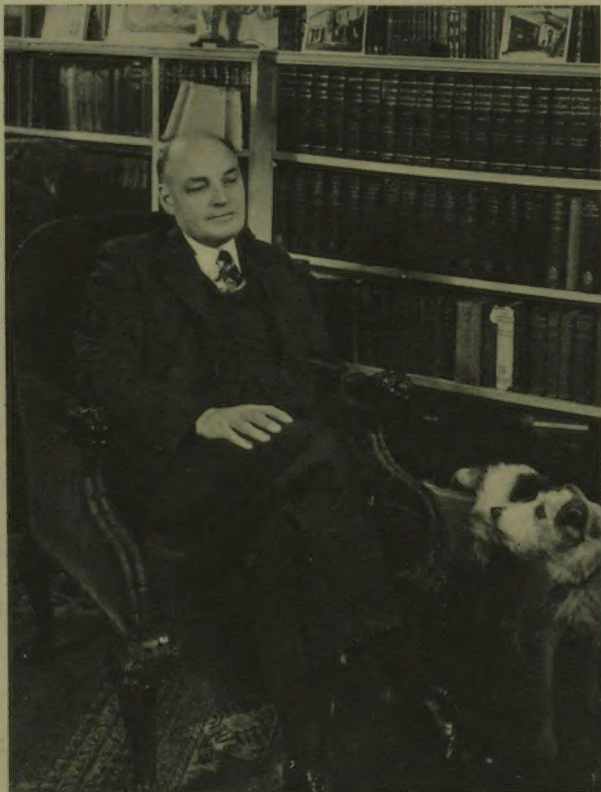
Outside the pages of Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," I doubt if that now outworn philosophy of human life and struggle, as waged in this country, was ever expressed more graphically than in the Rev. J. E. Linnell's brief memoir. Nothing could have been more rough and boisterous than his own youth, spent in the heart of Whittlebury Forest, a district so turbulent and independent that when, not long before his birth, the Government sent down a contingent of Bow Street Runners to arrest the leaders of a poachers' fray, the whole community turned out to resist by force such an intolerable infringement of their independence. Perhaps the best commentary of the spirit of the place was provided by one of Linnell's relatives, who left a sum of money to provide for his grave being covered "for evermore" with stout oak planks studded with pointed spikes, because, as he put it, "I've never been trodden on when alive, and I prefer not to be trodden on when I'm dead."

In his youth, Parson Linnell, who concludes his book, written in old age, with the second (and rude) verse of the National Anthem—the one on whose proposed omission Queen Victoria commented, "For our part we wish to confound their politics and frustrate their knavish tricks"—appears to have been much of a bully himself. A contemporary of those far-off days recalls him in the phrase: "Theer warn't a bit o' devilry in the cownty as Jack Linnell warn't at the bottom of." But life and its rough contacts tutored him and Christianity did the rest, though even that came only after a struggle, since for a time he was an agnostic. He entered the Church, and thereafter for over half a century was the vigorous and thrice-armed champion of every Christian and manly virtue against the forces of evil.

"Hard as any 'toad,'" the rough miners of his first Midland parish called him. He loved the old manly English sport of fisticuffs, and was ready to try his strength against any man. In later years, when he was Rector of Pavenham, in Bedfordshire, he was attacked while coming home in the early hours of the morning by a couple of roughs who announced their intention of taking his watch. "All right! You take it," he replied, throwing off his coat. And when a few minutes later, beaten to their knees, they called "That's enough, guv'nor!" he answered, "No, it isn't," and refused to desist until they had knelt beside him in the road and repeated the Lord's Prayer.

And out of the strength came forth sweetness. Once, walking down a Bedford street, he saw a poor woman and her daughter staggering under a heavy, untidy tin box, bulging with clothes, which they were carrying to the station. Old Linnell thereupon made a dignified retired colonel, who was passing by, help him shoulder the box, and when, as the colonel afterwards related, "we arrived on the platform with the damned box and the women, there, as I feared would be the case, was everyone in the world I knew; and he didn't seem to mind a bit!" His heart was as tender as his hide was tough. Though never a rich man, it was his practice to keep open house for the poor of his parish, and he would never accept a fee for a funeral or a wedding. He used to say that he had no right to add to the sorrow of mourners or rob the young of what their own improvidence would soon cause them to need.

His educational views were of the rough-and-ready kind that aims at breeding men by subjecting them to, instead of sheltering them from, the natural climate of the world. "God never meant you to be a fool, man," he used to say to the apostles of the smooth and easy way. He believed in punishment as a necessary means of redemption, and loved it best when it fitted the crime. Once in a crowded railway carriage, a burly butcher threatened with terrible oaths to smash the head and instrument of a puny fellow-traveller who was beguiling the journey by playing hymns on a cornet. "Give me the cornet," cried Linnell, and, taking the bully by the neck, played hymn tunes loudly into his ear till his destination was reached. I could not help recalling this glorious fellow when I read of the punishment meted out to the unfortunate boy, or rather to the mother of the boy, who maltreated a thrush.



SIR ARTHUR BRYANT, WHO SUCCEEDED G. K. CHESTERTON AS THE CONTRIBUTOR OF "OUR NOTE BOOK" IN 1936.

"OUR NOTE BOOK" PAGE OVER 66 YEARS.

DURING Sir Arthur Bryant's holiday we are reprinting each week the first article by each of the four contributors to this page: James Payn (1830-1898), with whom the feature began; L. F. Austin (1852-1905); G. K. Chesterton (1874-1936); and Sir Arthur Bryant (b. 1899).

The first articles by the first three contributors have appeared in our issues of September 11, 18 and 25, and we here conclude the series with a reprint of the first article contributed by Sir Arthur Bryant, who for eighteen years has been providing for our readers each week an interesting commentary on the many aspects of modern life. His host of friends throughout the world will welcome his return to this page next week.



USING A FAMILY MANSION FOR GRAIN-DRYING: LORD CLIFFORD OF CHUDLEIGH AND LADY CLIFFORD EXAMINING THE GOLDEN CARPET OF GRAIN STORED IN UGBROOKE PARK. In this present wet season Lord Clifford has been using his family mansion, Ugbrooke Park, near Chudleigh, Devon, in an attempt to store and dry a harvest of about 50 tons of grain. The mansion is standing empty, although many pictures still hang on the walls, and the grain has been spread to dry on the floors of the principal rooms.



THE WORLD'S FIRST MOSLEM WOMAN AMBASSADOR: THE BEGUM LIAQUAT ALI KHAN INSPECTING A GUARD AS SHE ARRIVED TO PRESENT HER CREDENTIALS AT THE HAGUE. On September 20 the Begum Liaquat Ali Khan, Pakistan's first woman ambassador and the widow of Pakistan's former Premier, presented her credentials to Queen Juliana at The Hague. Before leaving Karachi she said that her heart was burdened with the still "strangely unsolved mystery" of her husband's murder.



(LEFT.) A NEW CANCER RESEARCH WEAPON FOR ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S: THE 15,000,000-VOLT TRAVELLING WAVE LINEAR ACCELERATOR.

This accelerator, designed and constructed by a team headed by Mr. T. R. Chippendale, under the direction of Mr. P. T. Trier, at the Mullard Research Laboratories, is a source of extremely high energy electrons for the treatment of deep-seated tumours. It will be operated under the direction of Prof. J. Rotblat.

(RIGHT.) THE POSTMASTER-GENERAL, THE EARL DE LA WARR (RIGHT), PRESENTS TO THE CONSTABLE OF THE TOWER (LORD ALAN BROOKE) THE 2,000,000TH TELEPHONE INSTALLED IN LONDON.

On September 23 London's 2,000,000th telephone—an instrument of the usual material but old gold in colour and bearing an inscription—was installed in the Constable's Office in the Queen's House in the Tower of London, and in a brief ceremony the Postmaster-General, Earl De La Warr, made the presentation to Field Marshal Lord Alanbrooke, the Constable.

THE QUEEN MOTHER VISITS THE BLACK WATCH, RECENT EVENTS OF NOTE AND INTEREST.



THE QUEEN MOTHER INSPECTING THE RANKS OF THE 2ND BATTALION, THE BLACK WATCH, AT CRAIL, FIFE, WHEN SHE WISHED THEM GODSPEED FOR SERVICE IN BRITISH GUIANA.

On September 21 Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother visited Crail, in Fife, for the second time in three years, to wish a battalion of The Black Watch Godspeed on leaving for service overseas. The Queen Mother, who is Colonel-in-Chief of the Regiment, was on this occasion inspecting and addressing the 2nd battalion, which leaves in October for service in British Guiana. She paid a similar visit to Crail when the 1st battalion were about to leave for Korea some two years ago.



LORD BRUCE OF MELBOURNE PLAYING HIMSELF INTO OFFICE AS CAPTAIN OF THE ROYAL AND ANCIENT GOLF CLUB AT ST. ANDREWS ON THE MORNING OF SEPTEMBER 22.

For this honoured ceremony the ball was teed by the Open Champion of 1893, Willie Auchterlonie (who can be seen applauding on the left), and Lord Bruce drove a fine shot as the old cannon was fired by the head greenkeeper. There was a lively scramble for the ball, which was secured by W. Deas, a part-time caddie, for the second year in succession. He was duly rewarded with a golden sovereign.





LONDON'S UNIQUE MITHRAS TEMPLE, AS IT WAS 1800 YEARS AGO, WHEN THE SECRET RITES

During the ten days from September 17, while the fate of the unique Roman Mithras temple revealed and identified on the Walbrook site (which was being cleared for the foundations of a huge office building) was still in the balance; and while public interest, as manifested in the huge crowds which queued each evening to see the site, grew continually higher, more and more of the plan of this building was revealed; and a number of additional objects, including interesting and beautiful sculptures (illustrated on pages 542-543), were still being discovered. Most is known of the west end and main body of the temple—although on September 25 a sill of a door at the east end was laid bare—and it

is from the north-west that our Artist views the temple in this reconstruction drawing, based on the latest discoveries. As can be seen, the temple stood on the north bank of the Thames, some little way above the London Bridge of the Roman times, and on the east bank of the Walbrook, which can be seen in the right foreground. Beyond its east end a street ran down to the Thames, and it was thought that between the temple and the Thames a smaller street ran westwards towards a bridge over the confluence of the Thames and Walbrook. The temple stood among birch and alder; and the discovery of a worn coin of Hadrian above the foundations probably indicates that it was first built about 150 A.D.

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY ALAN



OF MITHRAS WERE PRACTISED THERE BY THE SOLDIERS AND MERCHANTS OF ROMAN LONDON.

The general form of the building is that of a basilica—a Roman hall of justice—the form also of the earliest Christian churches; and its interior was in the shape of a colonnade leading to an apsidal west end, with aisles on either side of the nave. Mithraism was a closed and secret cult, membership being governed by severe selection, with ordeals and initiation rites at each gradation of membership; and in consequence this building is not an open temple but a closed shrine. From the remains of the simple garrison Mithraeum discovered at Carnwath on the Roman Wall, in 1950, however, it seems likely that some light was admitted by means of a simple clerestory. Mr. W. F. Grimes, who has been in charge of

the excavations, is reported to have said that there may be other floors below the present level; and it is possible that these could be part of Mithraic "caves" or initiation chambers. The question of whether these unique remains could be preserved *in situ* in the basement of the huge Bucklebury House which is to rise on the site has aroused the keenest public interest. At the time of writing it was reported that the interests concerned in the new building were to have vital discussions with Sir David Eccles, the Minister of Works, with estimates of the costs and work involved, on the morning of September 28; and it seemed just possible that there might be a happy outcome for this astonishing relic of London's past.

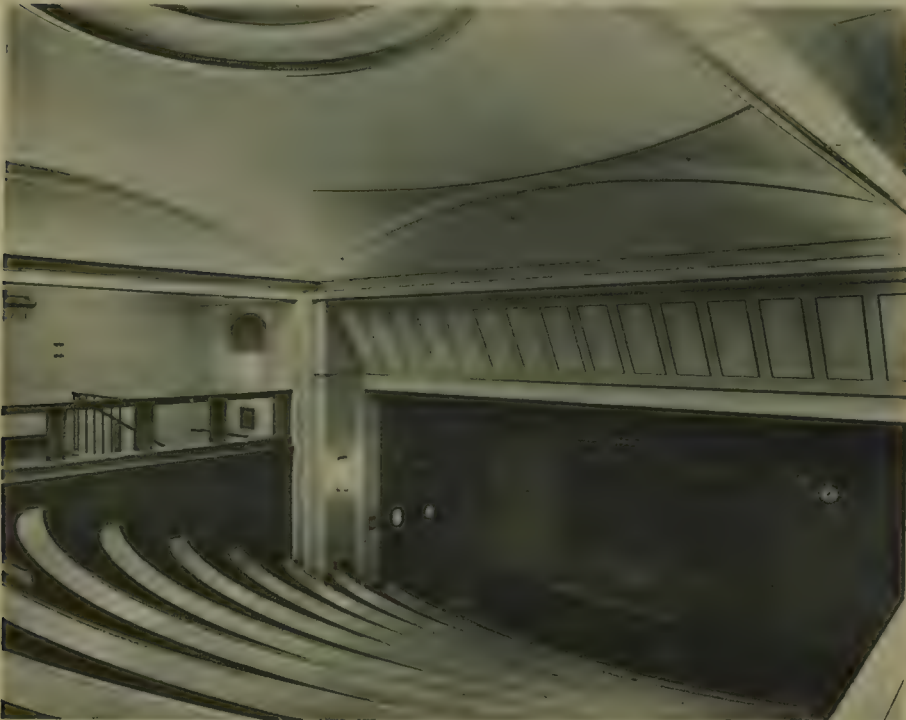
SORRELL, WITH THE CO-OPERATION OF MR. W. F. GRIMES, F.S.A.

CONSTRUCTION, RECONSTRUCTION AND DEMOLITION:



OPENED BY H.E. THE GOVERNOR, SIR JOHN MACPHERSON, ON SEPTEMBER 16:
THE NEW LAW COURTS IN LAGOS, NIGERIA.

The noble new Law Courts in Lagos, Nigeria, are now in use. The main accommodation consists of a large Assembly Hall; four Courts, all air-conditioned, one of which will be available for the Federal Supreme Court; Chief Justice's Chambers; Judges' Chambers; Library and Robing Rooms for Counsel. The statue of Justice on the tower is particularly fine, and impressive figures of Mercy stand at the top of the stairs.



OPENED ON SEPTEMBER 22 AND DEDICATED BY THE CHIEF RABBI, THE VERY REV. ISRAEL BRODIE: THE REBUILT GUSTAVE TUCK THEATRE.

The new building to house the Mocatta Library and Museum of the Jewish Historical Society and the conjoined Gustave Tuck Theatre, where the Society hold their meetings, were opened on September 22. The Library's former building in the north wing of University College, presented by Mr. Gustave Tuck



DEMOLISHING ALL SAINTS, CAMBERWELL, FOR REMOVAL TO HIS PARISH OF BIGGIN HILL:
THE REV. V. SYMONS (PICK IN HAND).

Two years ago the Vicar of Biggin Hill, with helpers, began to demolish the derelict church of All Saints, Camberwell, and remove the material to construct a church in his parish, which Sir Giles Gilbert Scott has agreed to design. Already 200,000 bricks and some 150,000 tiles have been moved.



BUILT TO AID 617 SQUADRON'S 1943 RAID: THE
FIRST MOHNE DAM SCALE MODEL AS IT LOOKED
WHEN COMPLETED IN 1941.

A model dam was built by Dr. Norman Davey, Senior Principal Scientific Officer, Garston Research Station; Mr. A. J. Newman, a Senior Experimental Officer (shown in our right-hand photograph), and assistants, and tested before the Mohne Dam raid made by No. 617 Squadron, R.A.F. Bomber Command. Other model dams were later built and tested; and final experiments were conducted on a real dam. "The Dam Busters" film is nearing completion.

ANCIENT AND MODERN BUILDINGS AND MONUMENTS.



AS IT WAS AFTER THE 1941 TESTS: THE MOHNE DAM
SCALE MODEL, AND ITS BUILDERS.



THE JEWISH MOCATTA LIBRARY AND MUSEUM RECONSTITUTED: THE NEW BUILDING
AT UNIVERSITY COLLEGE BUILT TO REPLACE THAT DESTROYED IN THE WAR.

in 1932, was destroyed by enemy action in 1940. It has now been rebuilt on a site in the south wing to designs by Professor A. E. Richardson. The floor over the Library houses the lecture theatre, where behind the top tier of seats the old Jewish ritual metalwork which forms the Mocatta Museum is displayed.



RECONSTRUCTING THE WALLS OF AN ANCIENT LONDON MONUMENT: A GENERAL VIEW OF
THE CHAPTER HOUSE OF LESNES ABBEY, NEAR ABBEY WOOD, S.E.

The London County Council, who in 1930 acquired the site on which stand the ancient remains of Lesnes Abbey, are financing the work of skilled reconstruction and excavation being carried out under the honorary direction of Mr. F. G. Elliston-Erwood, the chairman of the Woolwich Antiquarian Society.

NEWS FROM THE U.S.A. AND GERMANY,
ATOMIC ARTILLERY IN "BATTLE ROYAL."



DURING ONE OF AMERICA'S MOST SERIOUS PRISON RIOTS: A BATCH OF PRISONERS SURRENDERING TO ARMED GUARDS AT THE MISSOURI STATE PENITENTIARY. A six-hour riot at the Missouri State Penitentiary, Jefferson City, ended on September 23 after four convicts had been killed, thirty prisoners and some guards injured, and at least eight prison buildings destroyed or badly damaged by fire. Armed troops, supported by National Guards, had to move into the prison. Soon afterwards the convicts returned to their cells.



A DISASTER IN WHICH THIRTY-ONE PEOPLE LOST THEIR LIVES: THE EXPLOSION OF AN UNDERGROUND FUEL TANK AT THE N.A.T.O. AIR STATION NEAR BITBURG. Thirty-one people were killed at the N.A.T.O. air station near Bitburg, in the Eifel, Germany, where an underground tank containing more than 140,000 tons of fuel for jet fighters blew up on September 23. The explosion occurred while a Franco-German commission was making an inspection.



GERMAN GENERALS AT THE N.A.T.O. EXERCISE "BATTLE ROYAL": (EXTREME LEFT, L. TO R.) GENERAL HEUSINGER; HERR BLANK, WEST GERMAN DEFENCE MINISTER; AND GENERAL SPEIDEL



AN "ATOMIC" SHELL BURSTS IN EXERCISE "BATTLE ROYAL": A SPECIAL FIREWORK EXPLOSION TO SIMULATE THE BURST OF AN ATOMIC SHELL.



MARSHAL JUIN, C-IN-C. ALLIED FORCES CENTRAL EUROPE, AT THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE NETHERLANDS I CORPS, WHERE THE COMMANDER, GENERAL OPSOMER, EXPLAINS THE OPERATION. On September 22 the six-day N.A.T.O. Exercise "Battle Royal" opened in North-West Germany and began the largest land-air allied military manoeuvres staged in Europe since the war. Nearly 140,000 men of the British, Canadian, Netherlands, Belgian and American forces were engaged, and the operations were prepared by General Sir Richard Gale, Northern Army Group Commander. The exercise took the form of the invasion of "Southland" by the numerically stronger forces of "Northland," "Southland" being



ONE OF THE U.S. ARMY'S HUGE 280-MM. (11 IN.) CANNON, CAPABLE OF FIRING ATOMIC OR ORDINARY SHELLS, TAKING PART IN THE N.A.T.O. EXERCISE "BATTLE ROYAL." better equipped. The exercise was visited by Marshal Juin, C-in-C. Allied Forces Central Europe; and also by the West German Defence Minister, Herr Blank, with his military advisers, Generals Heusinger and Speidel. A feature of the exercise was the presence of several of the U.S. Army's 280-mm. atomic cannon, specially lent for the exercise. These huge cannon are highly mobile and can move by road at speeds up to 35 m.p.h., and can be in action within twenty minutes of stopping at a selected position.

A GREAT MAN'S TRIUMPH AND TRAGEDY.

"JOHN RUSKIN"; By JOAN EVANS.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

THERE are probably others beside myself who have felt that they have read quite enough books about Ruskin to last them for the rest of their lives. But the name of so sound a scholar, and so refreshing a writer, as Dr. Joan Evans is a guarantee both that the biographical portion will not be one more rehash, and that the æsthetic problems involved in an account of Ruskin's works will be discussed with knowledge and power. And if the question is asked why Dr. Evans, of all people, should elect to go over this much-traversed ground, the answer is ready. She is editing, with Mr. J. H. Whitehouse, the owner of the manuscript, Ruskin's Diaries; she is able to quote a great deal of new "material" from them; and she thinks that a "life," written in the light of them, will make a suitable background for them when they are presented to the public. I don't know that her book would be very much different if all the extracts from the diaries were omitted: the notable extracts are much of a piece with his public pronouncements on the works of Nature and of Art. But it is a sound, sensible, just and illuminating book: and if there is a better one on the subject I haven't met it.

Yet I hope that if ever I read another book about Ruskin it will be one which is exclusively concerned with his writings and (admittedly changing) doctrines, and with his own not negligible production of drawings: ruling his personal and private life out as far as possible. "Chatter about Harriet" was once suggested as a main interest of the biographers of Shelley; "Chatter about Fanny Brawne" has been largely the concern of writers about Keats; people who write about Carlyle go in for prolonged discussions concerning his marital relations; what a mercy it is that nobody has yet discovered that Shakespeare was a bigamist or that his father died of General Paralysis of the Insane! So books about Ruskin tend to be swamped by

author, and a combative enthusiast for the arts. The Duke of Wellington (I think, when declining a dedication) said that he had been "much exposed to authors." But consider to what the authors are exposed! Once they have made their marks, the searchlights and the microscopes are turned upon them from all angles and distances. Unhappily, the process has been more devastating for Ruskin than most, for he is vulnerable at more points than most.



JOHN RUSKIN'S WEDDING. (CATALOGUED AS "THE GHOST.") BY JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS, 1853.

Reproduced by courtesy of the Victoria and Albert Museum. Illustrations reproduced from the book "John Ruskin"; by courtesy of the publisher, Jonathan Cape.

To start with, he had a grandfather who went mad and cut his throat, in Scotland. The memory of that haunted his parents, and may well have conduced to his own later periodical fits of lunacy, which produced a grotesque lecture at Oxford and a helpless, crepuscular old age. He was the only son of his parents. His father was a very rich wine-merchant, who not merely had a taste for the fine arts but was actually disappointed (possibly a unique occurrence in the history of literature) when his son turned out to be a prose-writer and not a poet; how many poets would have jumped at a father like that! His mother was able and domineering. Between them they coddled him at home, refrained from sending him to a public school, and, after they had let him go to Oxford on an ample allowance, continued to keep him under their wings, whether he and they were living in a London suburb or travelling through France and Italy—even after he was married, and with his own establishment in Park Street, he was still on the chain, and felt constrained to go to the parental home to work, telling his wife to go to all the parties she liked without him. That wife, one of several people whom he loved as girls but couldn't bear turning into women, bore with him for several years, because of his charm and in spite of his parents. His notion of marriage was that he should climb about the pillars and roofs of cathedrals while she made measurements down below, for his drawings. He didn't want a mate so much as a plumber's mate. The wife for him, thought he, should be satisfied, while he was rhapsodizing over pinnacles, with measuring cusps and finials. It would be too much to say that his wife asked for bread and he gave her a stone: but it would be true to say that she asked for a child and he gave her "The Stones of Venice." Then she obtained a nullity decree against him, the courts declaring him impotent—like several others of his violent contemporaries and successors. She then married Millais, who really loved her and made her happy and gave her eight children. Ruskin then fell into adoration of a schoolgirl whom he implored, when she was seventeen and he thirty years older, to marry him: what with her mother's dissuasions and Ruskin's hysterical pleas, she had a miserable time which was ended only by death.

Well, here it all is again, with the rest of the story, including his rather absurd attempt to barge into practical politics with the establishment of a very vague model community. There are moments, especially

when one is reading extracts from his correspondence, when one can hardly believe that one is in the presence of a really great man; and, even when his writings and lectures are being considered, and we find him enthusiastically specialising in almost everything from numismatics to crystallography, there is a temptation to think of him as a universal dabbler. Yet all his faults were bound up with that passionate eagerness which was at the core of his greatness. Just as he turned his attention to aspect after aspect of nature, so, in regard to the arts, did he proclaim the superiority of man after man, style after style, period after period. He began with Turner and then Turner's pedestal was successively occupied by Tintoretto, Titian, Fra Angelico and the Primitives. What inconsistency! one may exclaim when one is reading about him. But one forgets all that when one is reading his own words, even in quotations. For, at any rate, in his prime, he was intoxicated with beauty, and communicated the force of his feelings, and the brilliance of his perceptions, with an eloquence which no writer has surpassed.

Sometimes he is exhaustingly turbulent. He poured himself out, and his propensity towards punctuation by dash makes him seem as great a master of the Style Ejaculatory as Mr. Alfred Jingle. His longing to convey his vision of the world sometimes also leads him to pile image upon image until his reader, or, rather, listener, is dazzled and confused. But there is never a doubt of his sincerity and the genuineness of his inspiration. Defects as a critic he may have, but what a communicator. There never was a greater scene-painter in words, and the quality of his panoramas, full of mass and colour and light, is equalled by the intensity with which he saw small things, pebbles, mosses and twigs, feathers and leaves. Many a man must have had his life enriched by



EUPHEMIA CHALMERS RUSKIN, NÉE GRAY, WHO MARRIED RUSKIN ON APRIL 10, 1848. HER MARRIAGE WAS LATER ANNULLED AND SHE MARRIED J. E. MILLAIS. THIS PORTRAIT OF EUPHEMIA, OR EFFIE, IS A DETAIL FROM "THE ORDER OF RELEASE," WHICH WAS PAINTED BY JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS IN 1854.

Reproduced by courtesy of the Tate Gallery.

learning, from Ruskin, to look at things. The Ruskin who was a dominating figure in the Victorian scene was not the spoilt child but the Prophet and Evangelist of the Romantic Revival. And if he expected too much from some individuals, he gave himself unreservedly to mankind and, in the end, burnt himself out.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 564 of this issue.



JOHN RUSKIN, WHO WAS BORN IN 1819 AND DIED IN 1900, IS THE SUBJECT OF THE BIOGRAPHY BY DR. JOAN EVANS.

Reproduced by courtesy of J. Howard Whitehouse Esq.

his life as a human being: Dr. Evans herself suggests that his biography could best be written, by a novelist of George Eliot's calibre, and novelists are not concerned with the "Lamps of Architecture." Had Ruskin never written a line, or delivered a lecture, he might have travelled widely, collected his Turners, dispensed his alms, endowed his modest foundations, and even failed in a marriage, and his bones would have rested in a church at Denmark Hill beneath a tablet recording his public spirit, taste and generosity. But he was a famous

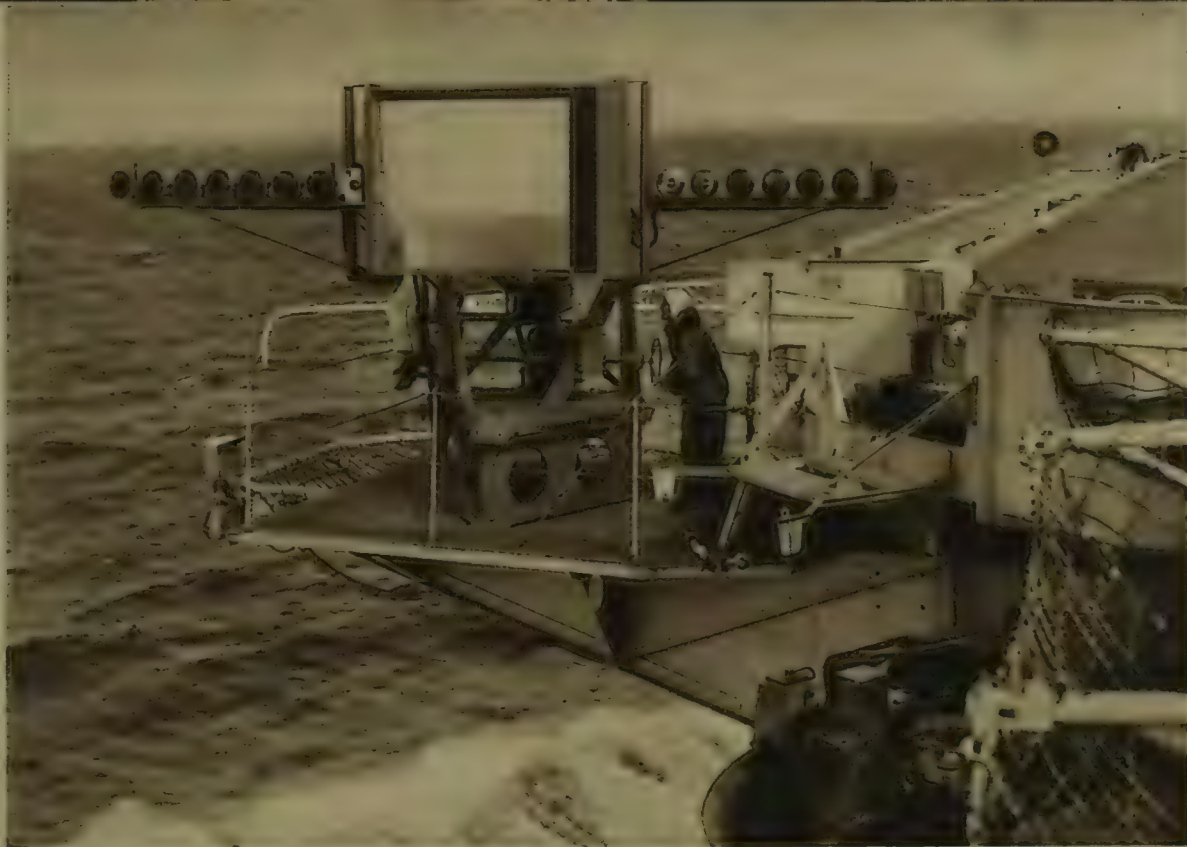
* "John Ruskin," By Joan Evans. Illustrated. (Cape; 25s.)



(ABOVE.) THE LATEST AIRCRAFT-CARRIER TO COME INTO SERVICE WITH THE ROYAL NAVY: H.M.S. ALBION, SHOWING HER ANGLED DECK; AND (LEFT) THE NEW MIRROR DECK-LANDING AID.

H.M.S. ALBION, the latest of the new 20,000-ton aircraft-carriers of the *Hermes* (modernised) class to be accepted into her Majesty's service, held flying trials on September 23 during a working-up exercise off Weymouth. She is the first operational carrier to be fitted with both an angled deck and the new mirror deck-landing aid. During the exercise a twin-jet de Havilland 110 broke through the sound barrier above the ship and immediately afterwards made its first deck landing. In the top picture five Hawker *Sea Hawk* single-seat jet-propelled naval fighters can be seen with wings folded. In our issue of March 20 we reproduced photographs of the deck-landing aid as rigged in H.M.S. *Illustrious*. This new device, which will ultimately supersede the hand-signalling of the "batman," is a large curved mirror on a gyro-operated mounting, which the pilot watches as he approaches the carrier from astern. On either side of the mirror are rows of coloured lights, and further aft a row of white lights which shine into the mirror and produce a blob of light. If the blob remains in line with the coloured lights the pilot knows he is landing at the correct angle.

(RIGHT.) A CLOSE-UP OF THE NEW MIRROR DECK-LANDING AID BEING USED ON BOARD H.M.S. ALBION—THE FIRST OPERATIONAL CARRIER TO BE FITTED WITH THE DEVICE.

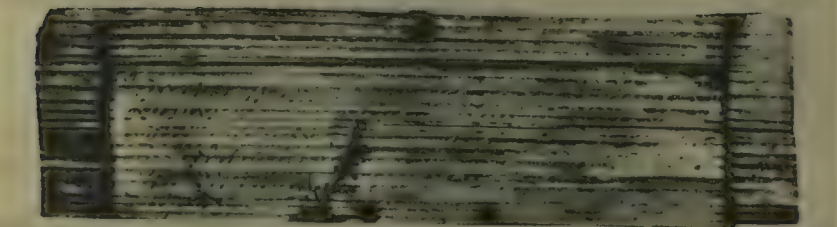
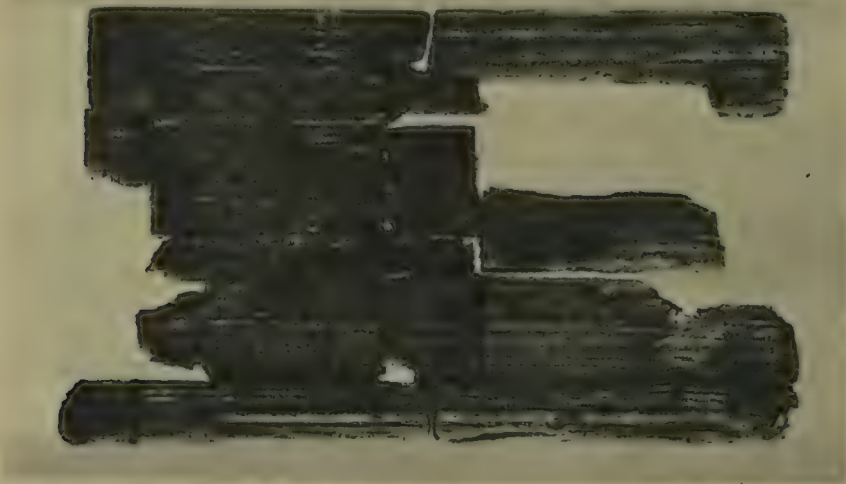


FITTED WITH AN ANGLED DECK AND NEW DECK-LANDING AID: H.M.S. ALBION, THE NAVY'S LATEST AIRCRAFT-CARRIER.

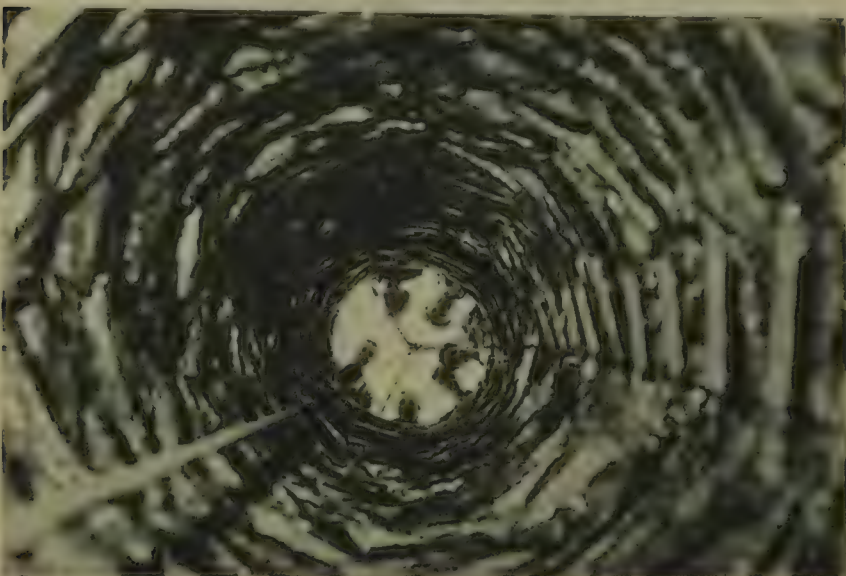
BRITAIN'S EARLIEST ROMAN INK-WRITING.



EXCAVATING THE ISLAND SITE AT CHEW STOKE, SOMERSET, AS THE WATERS OF THE NEW RESERVOIR, WHICH WILL EVENTUALLY COVER IT, CONTINUE TO RISE.



TWO OF THE MOST REMARKABLE DISCOVERIES MADE AT CHEW STOKE: ROMAN WRITING TABLETS CARRYING INK INSCRIPTIONS, THE EARLIEST YET FOUND IN BRITAIN. THE LOWER TABLET IS SHOWN IN AN INFRA-RED PHOTOGRAPH.



LOOKING UP FROM THE BOTTOM OF THE ROMAN WELL AT CHEW STOKE, IN WHICH THE MAJORITY OF THE IMPORTANT FINDS WERE MADE.

During the last few seasons archæologists of the Ministry of Works have been carrying out "rescue" excavations on several sites (Roman and mediæval) at Chew Stoke. These sites are shortly to be covered by a new reservoir which has been made for the Bristol Waterworks Company; and excavation has been made largely possible by the forbearance and generosity of the water company. The principal site, which eventually was lying on an island created by the rising of the reservoir waters, is that of a Roman farm, whose habitation seems to have ceased at the end of the fourth century A.D. This farm, or unpretentious villa, is of a very simple description, but in its well a number of extraordinarily well-preserved finds were made. These included pewter and copper vessels, coins and other metal objects, often uncorroded; a few wooden utensils and fruit-stones, with the fruit still adhering to them; and parts of two or three wooden writing tablets. These are of the recessed kind, which were usually filled with wax; but in this case they carry inscriptions in ink, the earliest of their kind yet found in this country. Professor E. G. Turner believes that the inscriptions may be part of an official document.

THE R.H.S. GREAT 'AUTUMN SHOW.

For the first time for fifteen years the Great Autumn Show of the Royal Horticultural Society was held in the National Hall, Olympia, from September 22 to 25. Despite the extremely bad season, the exhibitors staged a magnificent display, in which, naturally, dahlias and Michaelmas daisies were outstanding. Indeed, out of the eight Gold Medals awarded, three were given for dahlias (Messrs. Brown and Such, Mr. Stuart Ogg and Messrs. J. F. Spencer and Son). Other Gold Medals went to Messrs. Carters Tested Seeds (vegetables), Messrs. C. Gregory and Son (roses), Messrs. Hillier and Sons (trees and shrubs), Messrs. John Waterer, Sons and Crisp (trees and shrubs), and Messrs. Worfield Gardens (cacti and succulents). The lateness of the season, indeed, served one purpose, since it permitted the staging of several large exhibits of gladioli. Of especial interest to Londoners were various exhibits of house plants—a form of flat-dwellers' gardening which is becoming increasingly popular.



AT THE FIRST GREAT AUTUMN SHOW OF THE ROYAL HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY TO BE HELD AT OLYMPIA SINCE THE WAR: LOOKING DOWN FROM THE GALLERY.



ONE OF THE MOST STRIKING EXHIBITS AT OLYMPIA: THE DISPLAY OF CACTI AND SUCCULENTS STAGED BY WORFIELD GARDENS.

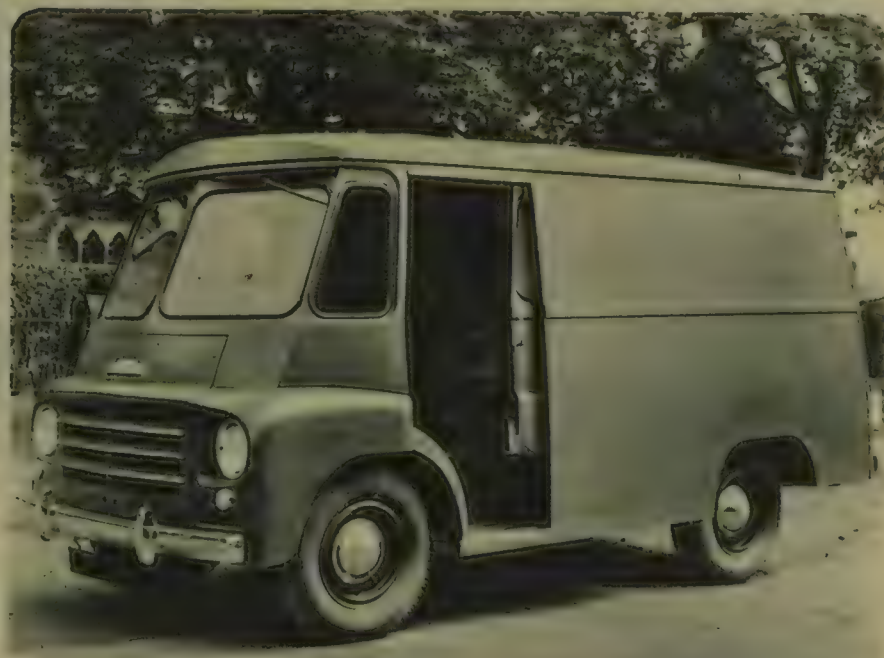


LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR OLIVER LEESE PREPARING SOME OF THE PLANTS OF HIS WORFIELD GARDENS EXHIBIT (SEEN ABOVE). IT CONTAINED ABOUT 1600 PLANTS IN 600 VARIETIES AND WON A GOLD MEDAL AWARD.

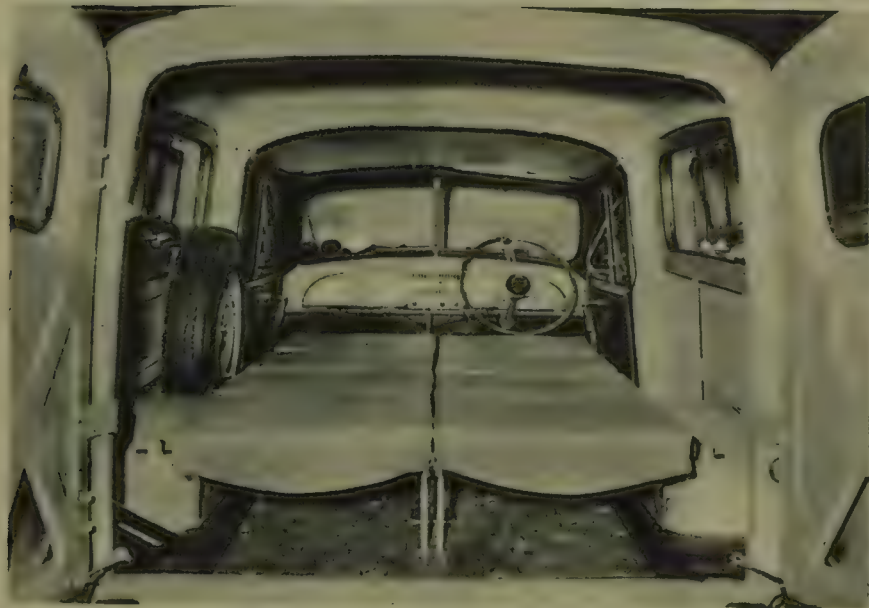
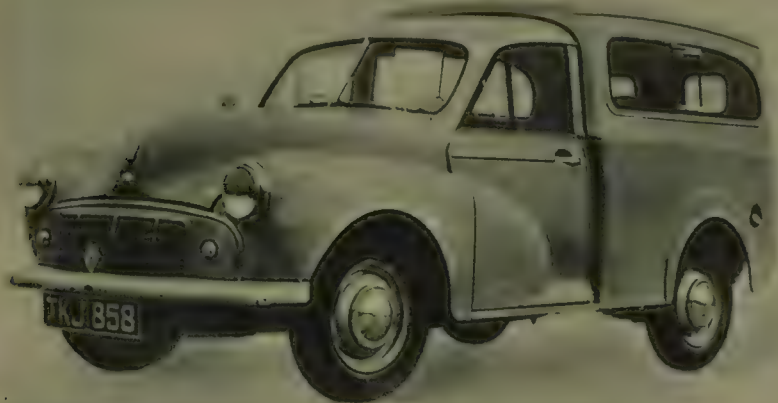


EXTENDING THE USES TO WHICH THE POPULAR LAND-ROVER IS PUT: THE FOUR-WHEEL-DRIVE STATION WAGON, WHICH IS FITTED WITH A SEVEN-SEATER BODY, THREE SEPARATE SEATS IN FRONT AND FOUR FOLDING SEATS IN REAR. (PRICE: £893 INC. P.T.)

AT THE LARGEST COMMERCIAL MOTOR SHOW: SOME NEW EXHIBITS AT EARLS COURT.



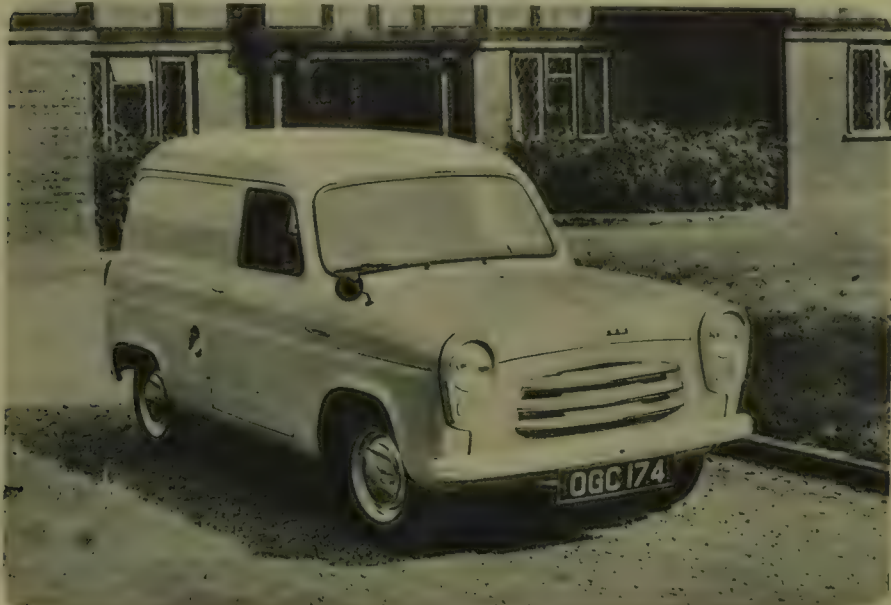
MAKING ITS FIRST APPEARANCE AT THE SHOW: THE NEW AUSTIN 1-TON VAN WHICH HAS A FOUR-CYLINDER O.H.V. ENGINE. THE REAR DOORS CAN BE FOLDED FLAT AGAINST THE BODY SIDES AND THE CAB DOORS SLIDE. (PRICE: £706, INC. P.T.)



AN ENTIRELY NEW VERSION OF THE MARTIN-WALTER DORMOBILE: THE NEW MORRIS DORMOBILE JUNIOR—AN EXTERIOR AND INTERIOR VIEW OF THIS VEHICLE WHICH CAN BE USED AS AN ESTATE CAR, SLEEPER OR GOODS VAN. (PRICE: £610, INC. P.T.)



SEEN FOR THE FIRST TIME AT THE SHOW: THE AUSTIN A30 COUNTRYMAN, WHICH HAS A FOUR-CYLINDER O.H.V. ENGINE. IT HAS SEATING FOR FOUR WITH LUGGAGE-SPACE, OR WITH REAR SEAT FOLDED, SEATING-FOR TWO AND 5 CWT. LOAD-SPACE. (PRICE: £560, INC. P.T.)



SETTING A NEW STANDARD IN APPEARANCE FOR VEHICLES OF THIS PAYLOAD CLASS: THE HANDSOME NEW FORD THAMES 5-CWT. VAN. (PRICE: £357, INC. P.T.)

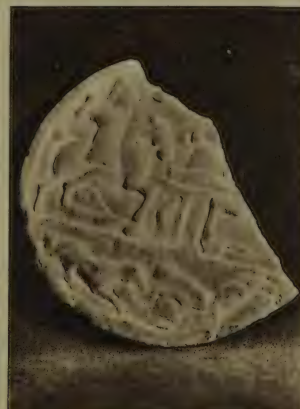
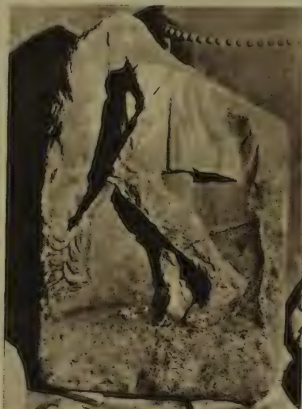
The seventeenth International Commercial Motor Show, which was opened by Sir Brian Robertson, chairman of the British Transport Commission, at Earls Court on September 24, is the largest in the history of the Exhibition. The exhibition, which is biennial, is widely renowned as the world's most comprehensive display of vehicles and equipment devoted to the commercial aspects of road transportation. The vehicles on view at Earls Court range from estate cars and



THE PROTOTYPE OF LONDON'S LIGHTWEIGHT BUS OF THE FUTURE: THE LONDON TRANSPORT ROUTEMASTER, WHICH WILL CARRY EIGHT MORE PASSENGERS THAN THE PRESENT BUS BUT WEIGHS LESS. THE BODY IS OF ALUMINIUM ALLOY.

small delivery vans, some of which set new standards in appearance; to double-deck buses and gigantic lorries. At the exhibition, which closes on October 2, the public have been able to see for the first time the prototype of London's lightweight "bus of the future," which has been built on revolutionary lines to carry eight more passengers than the present London bus but which weighs less. Also of particular interest to the general public is an entirely new version of the well-known Dormobile. This is a conversion of the Morris 1-ton van and is known as the Dormobile Junior. Four separate seats are provided, which fold down to form a comfortable bed for two; alternatively, the rear seats can be folded back to leave clear floor-space for the carriage of goods or baggage.

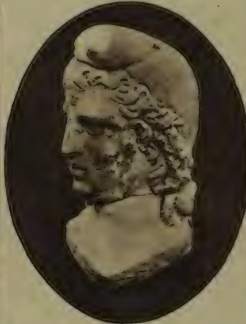
MODERN LONDON DISCOVERS ROMAN LONDON—AND QUEUES TO VISIT IT IN THOUSANDS: ASPECTS OF THE UNIQUE MITHRAS TEMPLE IN THE HEART OF THE CITY.



NEW DISCOVERIES IN THE MITHRAIC TEMPLE SITE: (L. TO R.) A BEAUTIFUL MARBLE HEAD OF A YOUTH (12 INS. HIGH), ORIGINALLY CROWNED WITH A PLATE; PART OF A PLAQUE IN RELIEF, SHOWING AN ATTENDANT WITH A LOWERED TORCH (? CAUTOPATES); AND A CIRCULAR PLAQUE SHOWING HORSEMAN (PERHAPS MITHRAS) AND DOG.



SIR DAVID ECCLES, THE MINISTER OF WORKS, HOLDING THE NEWLY-FOUND HEAD OF MITHRAS, DURING HIS VISIT TO THE SITE. MR. W. F. GRIMES (RIGHT), THE DIRECTOR OF THE EXCAVATIONS.



THE HEAD OF THE GOD MITHRAS, FITTED TO THE NECK, WHICH WAS FOUND NEAR BY, A FEW DAYS LATER. IT WOULD SEEM THAT THIS WAS PART OF A COMPLETE STANDING STATUE.



THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON, SIR NOEL BOWATER, USING A CINE-CAMERA TO RECORD HIS OWN IMPRESSIONS OF THIS UNIQUE LONDON DISCOVERY DURING HIS VISIT TO THE SITE.



FOUND BY THE SITE ON SEPTEMBER 12: A LARGE PART OF A STONE LAYER, OR WASHING-BOWL, PROBABLY CONNECTED WITH THE MITHRAIC RITES, HELD BY ONE OF THE VOLUNTEER WORKERS.



FOUND ON SEPTEMBER 21: THE TORSO OF A MALE FIGURE, IN MARBLE, FLATTENED AT THE BACK, PERHAPS ONE OF THE ATTENDANT DEITIES OF MITHRAS. THE COMPLETE HEIGHT WOULD BE ABOUT 2 FT. AND IT PROBABLY STOOD IN AN EASTERN WIND PORCH.

themselves of about £2000 a week, agreed to hold up the work for about a fortnight in order that further excavation and an archaeological survey might be completed. It was announced on September 20 that the excavation would be open to the public between 5.30 p.m. and 6.30 p.m. each day that week, but the numbers

Continued opposite.



(ABOVE.) SOME OF THE THOUSANDS WHO VISITED THE SITE DURING THE EVENINGS, WHEN THE PUBLIC WERE ADMITTED, PILING ROUND THE TEMPLE REMAINS. THE CURVED APSE (CENTER) IS AT THE WESTERN END, NOT THE EASTERN, AS PREVIOUSLY STATED.

Continued.] who arrived exceeded all expectations. Each day large queues formed hours before the site was due to open and many were unable to gain admission. On the first "public view" day the crowd of sightseers was estimated to number some 10,000; on the next day it had grown to 15,000 and at dusk between 300 and 400 people had to be turned away. High-level discussions about the possibility of preserving the remains of the temple have been held, but the conclusion reached was that to do so would be impracticable. Even the re-drawing of the architects' plans for the new building would have cost about £50,000. At the Court of Common Council of the City of London on September 23, Lord Ebbisham, chairman of the Library Committee, said that at this late hour it was doubtful "whether any useful purpose would be served by the Corporation interfering with the rebuilding work." He said that both the owners and contractors had given every facility for exploration at great inconvenience and cost, and deserved the gratitude of all. To give people a last chance to see the remains of the Roman Mithraic temple, the site was open on the last two days, September 25 and 26, between 2.30 and 6.30 p.m.

(RIGHT.) AN ULTRA-MODERN VIEW OF AN ANCIENT SITE: AN AERIAL PHOTOGRAPH, TAKEN FROM A HELICOPTER, OF THE BUCKLESBURY ISLAND SITE, IN WHICH THE TEMPLE REMAINS CAN BE SEEN. IT IS BOUNDED BY QUEEN VICTORIA STREET (RIGHT), BUCKLESBURY AND WALBROOK (FOREGROUND) AND RUDE ROW.



Rarely can an archaeological discovery have given rise to so much public interest as that aroused in London by the uncovering of the remains of the Roman Mithraic temple at Walbrook, near the Mansion House. A fourteen-storey block of offices is to be built on the site, but the contractors, at an estimated cost to

IN international politics it is not always the strongest forces which exercise the greatest effects. It is not always power, courage and determination which prove to be the most important factors in the moulding of the future. Doubts, fears and differences within the bodies of individual States may prove at least as potent. Their influence may so disorganise the plans on which a number of allied Governments appear to be in general agreement that the work of years may be undone in a day or a few days and statesmen become obliged to set about contriving a substitute from the basis on which they have been building. The new structure may be good or bad, but in either case it will be something new, something of a makeshift. Brave words, confidently expressed hopes, will not disguise the failure of past efforts or conceal the waste of time. Weakness has its own strength, which may achieve its own curious form of triumph by a process of nullification.

When Mr. Eden began his remarkable and courageous tour, this aspect of international politics must have been in his mind. He did not say that the European Defence Community was dead, but the fact that it was extinct—certainly in the form originally created, and perhaps in any form—was admitted by all commentators, whether they were well- or ill-disposed towards it. He set out to find agreement, but not to reconstruct what had been overthrown. His object was to find a substitute which would provide as far as possible the military advantages of the European Defence Community in a new shape. The opinion generally expressed and clearly based on inspiration, was that he sought the entry of the Federal Republic of Germany into the North Atlantic Treaty Organisation, but by way of a smaller organisation, a Brussels Treaty revived in importance, and on certain conditions. These would be designed to allay anxieties, and in particular those of France, the member which had ruined the prospects of E.D.C.

The manner in which Mr. Eden's task has been treated in different countries has been interesting and varied. At home he has been generally admired and praised. The majority have wished him luck. Yet a Left Wing minority has openly expressed pleasure over the demise of E.D.C. At the same time, it has become doubtful whether measures for German rearmament in any form still command the assent of a majority of Labour opinion. Only by a great effort has that section of the leadership which is in favour of it been able to keep it on the roll of official policy. No gambler would be inclined to wager on its remaining there. It has also struck me that, while, as I have said, nearly all the comment on Mr. Eden's tour has been favourable, this favour has not been accompanied by any great enthusiasm for bringing Western Germany into the defence scheme of the free countries, which is the eventual object the Foreign Secretary has had before him. Sections of opinion which were originally firm on that seem to have had second thoughts since the vote in the French General Assembly.

In the United States the main doubt seems to have been not whether Mr. Eden was going too far, but whether he was going far and fast enough. The recent European visit of Mr. Dulles, almost immediately after his return from Manila, and the missing out of Paris in his itinerary, may be portents. They suggest that the State Department is impatient of delay and that it is anxious to hurry on a new scheme, with little regard for the feelings of France. The failure to call at Paris was probably a mistake on the part of Mr. Dulles, because France is in a touchy mood and very sensitive to anything that can be construed as an affront. There are differences in American opinion, as in that of any other country, but it is hard to think of any subject on which it has been more closely united than this. Yet while the United States sees clearly what she wants, she is becoming more and more disillusioned on the subject of European co-operation. She is inclined to be impatient even with the United Kingdom, with whom her relations are in every respect more intimate than with any other European nation.

As regards Germany, I doubt whether many people in this country have realised with what weight the stroke dealt at E.D.C. has swept on to strike Dr. Adenauer. From the parliamentary point of view he is, of course, still strong, as was shown by the rout of a motion of no confidence in the middle of September. In the electorate, however, the popularity of his Government has waned. This may well be only a temporary setback, an example of the ebb and flow of public opinion. What seems certain is that it results from the defeat of E.D.C. in France. He was deeply committed to the project. His prestige was largely due to the regard in which he personally was held in Britain, the United States, and the smaller western countries which were signatories of the North Atlantic Treaty. And it has been to a great extent

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. THE EUROPEAN JIG-SAW PUZZLE.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

Dr. Adenauer's personal prestige which has upheld that of his Government. A considerable amount of latent as well as declared opposition to his policy has always existed in his own country. The French vote has, for the moment at least, strengthened this in the electorate and will encourage it at Bonn.

Of France there is little more to be said for the time being. Bitterness towards M. Mendès-France has increased among the "Europeans" who were the authors of E.D.C. and who defended it to the last.



SPEAKING BEFORE THE CONSULTATIVE ASSEMBLY OF THE COUNCIL OF EUROPE IN STRASBOURG: M. MENDÈS-FRANCE, THE FRENCH PRIME MINISTER, WHO OUTLINED HIS ALTERNATIVE TO THE EUROPEAN DEFENCE COMMUNITY TREATY.



"WE HAVE MET AT AN IMPORTANT MOMENT IN POST-WAR HISTORY": M. MENDÈS-FRANCE ADDRESSING THE CONSULTATIVE ASSEMBLY OF THE COUNCIL OF EUROPE AT STRASBOURG.

Addressing the Consultative Assembly of the Council of Europe at Strasbourg, M. Mendès-France set out the general principles of his plan for a new European institution to replace the E.D.C. treaty. He summarised these principles as being: (i) Closer participation by Great Britain; (ii) a transformation of the Brussels Treaty into a convention assuring European peace and security, the directing body of which could become the agency for limitation and inspection of armaments; (iii) a solemn recognition of German sovereignty, without any discrimination; (iv) the creation within the Brussels Treaty of certain limitations of authority; and (v) the sufficiency of N.A.T.O. as a military framework, there being no necessity for any new military organisation.

The task of M. Mendès-France is not so much that of Mr. Eden, the search for a new European formula under which the German problem may be solved, as a search for agreement within. At the time of writing, this has made no progress. Some elements of the opposition to E.D.C. have begun to take a bolder line. Those that were "neutralist" before did not commonly express Russian sympathies, which were the speciality of the Communists, by no means neutral. Recently, however, "neutralists" have been accusing the United States, and at least by implication Britain also, of throwing France into the arms of the Soviet Union. It is a grave step to assert that, because

France finds herself in a minority of one about the best means of defence against possible Communist aggression, this would justify her in passing over to the Communist camp. Perhaps these are but polemics, yet, if so, they are scarcely less unhappy for that.

Russian approaches to France have not been without effect. Those recently made to Britain, especially through the Labour Party, appear to have had less fortune, but are likely to be continued. It would seem that Russia has her hands pretty full of her own affairs for the time being. If this is true, it is all to the good, but it concerns the near, rather than the distant, future. It does not provide a guarantee against eventual aggression. In any case, it would be very much to Russia's taste to eliminate France from the ranks of the defenders of the West. It would be no less so to accentuate existing Anglo-American differences and to create new ones. Our two countries will have only themselves to blame if they fall into this trap. They have been aware of it for a long time. In both countries there are plenty of people, the majority, perhaps, only foolish, but a number of them knavish as well, who are using every endeavour to create distrust and dislike.

The two problems which appear as the aftermath of the French vote are the achievement of West German sovereignty and the means of West German self-defence. There is no comparison between their difficulty. The first is a matter to which no nation outside the Communist world has declared itself opposed, though France may make her agreement dependent upon the adhesion of the other parties concerned to her theories about West German rearmament—theories which at the time of writing have still not been clearly formulated. The prospects as regards sovereignty are good. The other business seems hardly closer to realisation than it was two years ago. And beneath this problem is a dilemma so serious that it has thus far hardly been discussed in public. If French resistance continues, means can doubtless be found of settling the matter in despite of it. This course of action is one which has some American advocates. Its consequences, however, might be calamitous. It might lead to the virtual disappearance of France from the western array.

In material terms this would involve the replacement of a trained French Army by an untrained German Army—untrained to begin with. The loss of France as an ally is not to be contemplated without anxiety. On the other hand, the consequence would also be one which would be unwelcome to the French, precisely that which they claim they have been striving to prevent. It would enhance the importance of Western Germany, give that country a bigger place and a stronger voice in defence, and incline her partners to make every effort to increase her physical strength. Germany would become the keystone of Continental defence. I do not myself think that France would actually "walk out" if a decision on the subject were taken without her assent, but at best her

co-operation might be seriously weakened. Armed forces which have behind them an aggrieved and undecided nation are serving under a handicap. And the West can ill-afford to do without the military resources of France. It is no good pretending that the situation is simpler than it really is, as some commentators have been doing.

I have tried to bring together the factors with which Mr. Eden has been dealing. I may have omitted some of which I am not aware, and even those which I have discussed do not remain constant, but vary in importance from time to time. A solution may be reached more easily than seems likely to me at this moment. I should be delighted to be proved over-cautious. I feel that all the work accomplished to strengthen Western Europe has been threatened by a grave crisis, and that this is not yet over. Those who take it lightly would do well to note that Mr. Eden threw aside all other work on a mission which he evidently believed must be carried through with the greatest possible speed. I shall not speculate as to whether the visit of Mr. Dulles was due to the desire of the United States for even quicker work or for a variation of the aim.

The fruits of evil keep appearing long after the thing itself has disappeared. We are now in the tenth year since the end of the war, but these difficulties are born of its seed still remaining in the ground; in fact, they date back to the year 1940, when France was overthrown. We sympathise with her case, but at the same time note that no trace of a similar *malaise* lingers in the smaller Western European countries which were occupied in that year. In any case, sympathy cannot be denied to Dr. Adenauer. He has worked with dignity, moderation and understanding. He has put forward no unreasonable aims. To allow him to be robbed of reward for his endeavours now would be to encourage the worst influences in Western Germany.



JEREZ DE LA FRONTERA—THE HOME OF SHERRY—SEEN FROM THE ALCAZAR REAL, WITH THE BODEGAS OF THE FAMOUS SHERRY FIRM, GONZALEZ, BYASS AND CO., IN THE LEFT FOREGROUND; AND ON THE RIGHT, THE COLLEGIATE CHURCH, OR SAN SALVADOR, AN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY BUILDING WITH AN ISOLATED MOORISH-GOTHIC BELFRY.



MAKING SHERRY BARRELS AT JEREZ. IN THE CENTRE BACKGROUND, UNDER THE SLOGAN "HAPPY EASTER," WORKERS ARE FIRING A CASK, WHILE A CHAIN IS BEING WINCHED TO BEND THE HOOPS. ON THE LEFT, FOUR LIVELY COOPERS ARE DRIVING THE HOOPS, ON THE RIGHT A CASK-HEAD IS BEING PREPARED, IN THE CENTRE, CHARCOAL IS BEING GOT READY.

THE HOME OF SHERRY—JEREZ DE LA FRONTERA, IN SOUTHERN SPAIN: ITS STILL RANGES OF BODEGAS, AND A LIVELY COOPERAGE SCENE.

Jerez de la Frontera, formerly Xeres, is famous the world over as the home of sherry. It is now a prosperous and attractive town of about 100,000 inhabitants and is believed to have been originally a Celtic settlement, some 2500 years old. It was probably the Roman Asido Cæsaris, a name corrupted by the Moors into Sherish. The Visigoth King Roderick was defeated there by the Moorish invaders in 711 A.D., and it was not liberated until its recapture by Alfonso the Wise in 1264. All true sherry comes from Jerez, from which the wine has been exported

to England since the reign of Henry VII., its old English name being Sherris Sack, the latter part of the name being probably a corruption of the Spanish *seco*, "dry." Great Britain is still the greatest consumer of sherry, taking about 70 per cent. of the total world supply; and many of the oldest sherry-making and selling firms in Spain are British or part-British in origin. Our Artist, Bryan de Grineau, recently visited Jerez and has recorded impressions of the town, and, overleaf, of the famous Bodega de los Reyes.



WHERE THE VENERABLE METHUSELAH SHERRY IS STORED, AND EVERY CASK BEARS THE SIGNATURE OF A ROYAL OR FAMOUS VISITOR: THE BODEGA DE LOS REYES, IN JEREZ, THE BIRTHPLACE OF SHERRY.

The gathering of the grapes of Jerez, from which sherry is made, takes place in September—usually the first half of the month, and during the Vintage Feast, the Fiesta de la Vendimia, when the first grapes are trodden in front of the Cathedral—the delightful town is at its most attractive. Our Artist has recently visited Jerez de la Frontera and above we reproduce his drawing of the Bodega de Los Reyes (the Cellar of the Kings) of the firm of Gonzalez, Byass and Co., there. The bodega

is so called because all the casks are signed by members of the Spanish and other Royal families, and by distinguished visitors from all over the world. At the end of the bodega, to the right and left of the "Noe" cask, are those signed by the late King Alfonso and Queen Isabella II. On the top row of casks in the near foreground can be seen the casks signed by Senator Marconi and by Juan Belmonte, believed to be the greatest bull-fighter who ever lived. The cellarman with the raised glass

and the *venencia* (the tube for sampling sherry) is a famous Jerez character, Pepe Buzon, who has been with the firm almost as long as the Methuselah sherry, the cask which can be seen immediately behind him. This is probably the oldest sherry in the world. Two bottles of Methuselah were sent to Sir Winston Churchill on a recent birthday "in the hope that he would live as long as the gentleman from whom this sherry takes its name." The two distinctive features in the making of

sherry are the development of the *flor*—which develops when the newly-made wine is exposed in loosely-stoppered casks to the warmth of the sun; and the *solera* system. In this latter, the casks are stacked in the bodega in three or sometimes four stages—as shown in the drawing. The oldest wine is in the cask at the bottom, the youngest at the top; and the wine is drawn from the bottom cask, which is replenished from those above, the younger wines being thus progressively "educated."

SPECIALY DRAWN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY BRYAN DE GRINEAU.

IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

A WAY WITH SCARLET RUNNERS.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

THIS exceptionally wet summer has taught me one important thing about the likes and dislikes of scarlet runner beans—or rather, it

has emphasized one fact of which I had been dimly aware but which I had failed to apply in practice. My scarlet runner plants developed slowly, and started bearing exceptionally late, but the crop has been finer, and of better quality than ever before. Obviously they have enjoyed the wet season.

The scarlet runner is a vegetable about which I hold very definite views. Served, as they are served in most homes, and in practically all restaurants, they are perhaps the most unpalatable and untable-worthy of all vegetables known to suffering man.

The trouble begins with the gardener—head, jobbing or amateur. They are all alike, or almost all. They leave the pods to grow to really handsome show proportions, by which time they are full of stringy fibre, which could no doubt be utilised in the manufacture of twine for doing up parcels, or rope with which the gardener might well hang himself. Doubtless the scarlet runner has immense possibilities as a fibre-bearing plant. Having received the beans in this state, the cook or the housewife settles down to a nice long session of shredding them. First she cuts away the string which lies in the seam along each edge of the pod. Then she slices the remainder into endless silly little slivers, from which, finally, she boils away all texture and all flavour. I find it difficult to think of any more insipid vegetable kagmag than runner beans served in this way—unless it be vegetable marrow murdered in the usual and equally brutal British manner. Even as a vehicle for salt, pepper and lashings of butter they are utterly unworthy.

How, then, should scarlet runner beans be cooked, served and eaten? Assuming that hitherto the lamentable garden and kitchen practices which I have described have been blighting your existence, the first thing is to get rid of every bean which has reached the size that warms a paid gardener's heart. Show-size, that is. To do this, tell whoever it is who "brings in the vegetables" to bring in a good picking of runners. Ninety per cent. of these will be well-developed veterans, the oldest inhabitants of the row, well stricken in string, and so unfit for human consumption. Hide them, and later convey them secretly to the compost heap. No need to hurt the grower's feelings. Now demand another picking. With luck 25 per cent. of these may be young enough to be stringless. But take no chances. Starting with the youngest-looking specimens, snap them in half, one by one. Those which snap clean may be retained for use. Those whose two halves hang together by string must join the first gathering on the compost heap.

Now take your courage in hand and demand a third picking. There will be protests that there are none left fit to pick, which means, of course, that a diligent search will produce perhaps 5 per cent. of specimens fit for the show bench or the compost heap and 95 per cent. fit for the table. The simplest way of dealing with this whole matter, however, is to go out and gather the beans yourself, first stripping the row of all obvious antiques and all suspicious characters, and then gathering enough honest, stringless youngsters for your needs. With very little practical experience you will learn to distinguish stringy veterans from succulent, stringless youngsters. But when in doubt, it is best to resort to the snapping-in-half test. A stray stringy runner bean on the plate—or rather, in the mouth—is as detestable as a dish of the conventional runners, shredded and boiled to a tasteless fizzle.

that is, in their palatable youth—is wasteful. Poppycock! Leaving them until they have reached an age when the only way to make it possible to swallow them is to expend endless labour on their preparation, and then to boil away their flavour and most of their nutritive value—that is what is truly wasteful. And leaving them to reach that stage exhausts the plants and so reduces the total quantity of beans produced. In any case, runners are so prolific and fast-maturing that the average garden row of them always seems to outstrip average family consumption. Cooked as I suggest, the beans may be used cold in endless varieties of salad; or served cold, with a good deal of salt and a dressing of nothing but olive oil, they make an excellent and unusual *hors-d'œuvre* which is very like exceptionally delicate olives.

I have a suspicion that I may have written about the virtues of young scarlet runner beans on some former occasion. If so, I hasten to make no apology.

If I were condemned to grow only one vegetable I would be tempted to plump for scarlet runners. The runner beans that appear in green-grocers' shops are such macabre horrors. Yes, runners as my one vegetable. As a compromise I would grow lettuces, calling them salad and using some cooked as a "vegetable."

But this sodden so-and-so of a summer. What is the lesson to be learnt from it in connection with scarlet runners? The importance of moisture at the root. The beans we are enjoying now are reaching almost super-show proportions and yet are remaining firm, fleshy and stringless. For an ordinary English summer—if such a thing exists—planting the rows of runners in a slight depression or shallow trench, and then giving a mulch of lawn-mowings or compost would greatly help in maintaining the moisture which leads to fleshy beans at the expense

of string. The shallow trench would help greatly if a hot, dry spell should make a few cans of water necessary.

Two species of pæony have been exceptionally beautiful here recently—in seed. *Pæonia mlokosewitschii* splits open its seed capsules to reveal glossy, blue-black seeds set on a foundation which looks like rough scarlet coral as polished as the seeds themselves. One plant in a neighbour's herbaceous border stood 3 ft. high and rather more across, and carried over two dozen of these brilliant, jewel-like seed-heads. In early summer the flowers were equally beautiful, like vast *Trollius* or globeflowers in clear, soft yellow, and slightly fragrant. The other pæony is *P. obovata alba*. This is rather dwarfer than *Mloko*, with exquisite white globeflowers and the same scarlet and blue-black seed display.



"IN EARLY SUMMER THE FLOWERS WERE EQUALLY BEAUTIFUL, LIKE VAST TROLLIUS OR GLOBEFLOWERS IN CLEAR, SOFT YELLOW, AND SLIGHTLY FRAGRANT": *PÆONIA MLOKSEWITSCHII* IN FLOWER. THE SEED CAPSULES ARE REMARKABLE, OPENING "TO REVEAL GLOSSY, BLUE-BLACK SEEDS SET ON A FOUNDATION WHICH LOOKS LIKE ROUGH SCARLET CORAL AS POLISHED AS THE SEEDS THEMSELVES."

Photograph by J. E. Downard.

The ultimate harvest of bright young beans should be boiled whole, together with the few snapped-in-half specimens which passed the test. On no account should they be over-cooked, otherwise they will lose the characteristic flavour and the short, meaty texture which puts this usually much-abused vegetable on a high gastronomic plane. Serve hot, with pepper, salt and butter. Don't spare the butter, but at all costs spare the "marge." Treated thus, the scarlet runner is a heaven-sent delicacy worthy of being taken as a special side-dish. Sliced, shredded and boiled in the usual way, it is one of the Englishman's more regrettable lapses—a dreary, unthinking habit. But to achieve runner beans in this way demands courage, determination. Tact and cunning are also advisable.

The gardener, and probably the housewife, too, will protest that to gather runner beans as I suggest—



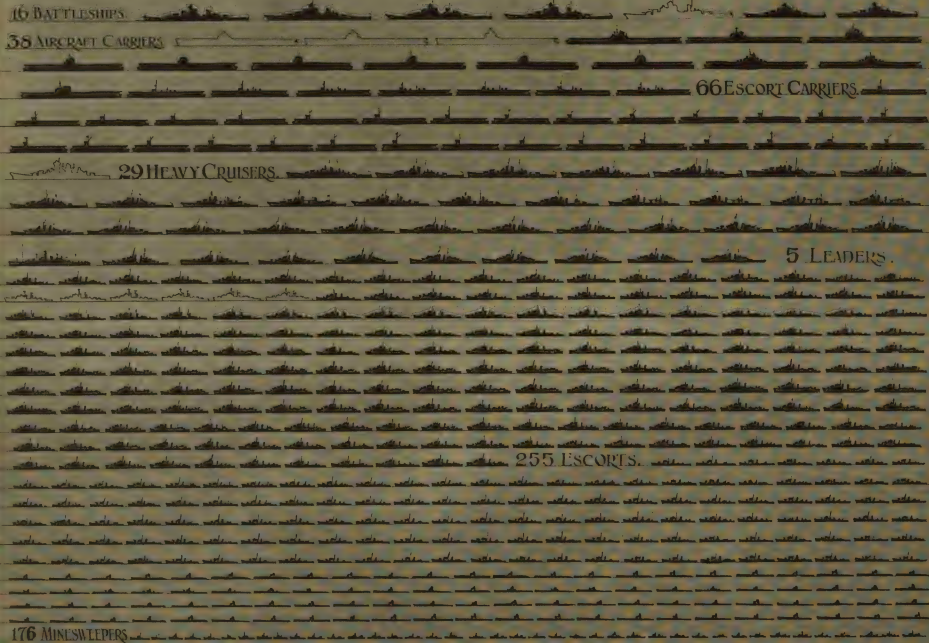
THE LILY WHICH GROWS HIGH UP IN THE TREE-TOPS OF NORTHERN BURMA; AND WHICH HAS THIS YEAR FLOWERED FOR THE FIRST TIME IN ENGLAND: THE "NILE-GREEN" FLOWER OF THE EPIPHYTIC *LILIUM ARBORICOLA*.

Epiphytes, plants that grow upon trees or on moss-covered rocks, are well enough known to the public—orchids being perhaps the commonest examples—but it is very unusual to find bulbous members of the Liliaceæ living so. Indeed, until April 2, 1953, no epiphytic true lily was known. On that day, however, the celebrated plant explorer, Mr. F. Kingdon Ward, in North Burma, "a day's march short of the Arakhu peaks," on the east side of Hkrang Hka, north of Myitkana, "glimpsed half-a-dozen unmistakable lily capsules growing high up on a giant tree-trunk." Other examples of the plant were found later in the year, and Mr. Kingdon Ward was able to collect bulbs and a flower for pressing and, eventually, about two dozen healthy bulbs, a number of bulbils

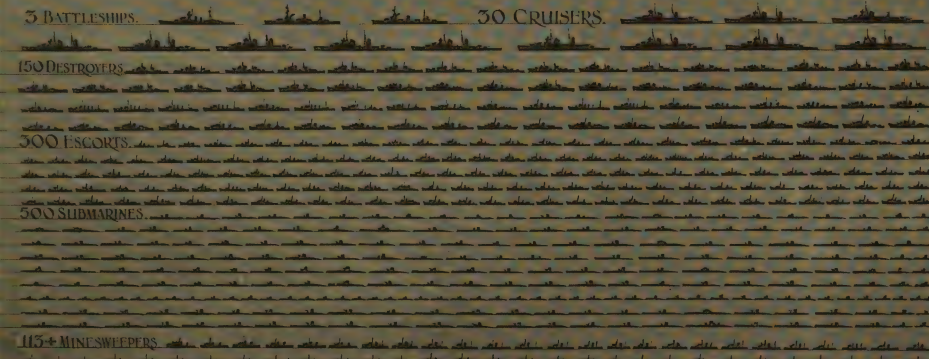
and a small quantity of seed were flown to England this year. Since then some of these plants have been successfully grown on at the R.H.S. Gardens, Wisley, and in the Liverpool Parks Department. At Wisley one plant opened its first flower on July 17 this year, another plant a month later. At Liverpool plants flowered on August 25 and September 1. The example we show is one of the Wisley plants; the Martagon-style flowers are "delicious Nile-green" in colour, the segments being each about 2 ins. long. The stem bears one to three flowers, pendulous and faintly fragrant. The anthers are reddish-orange in colour. It has now been named *Lilium arboricola* and is expected to be worthy of a place in the warm greenhouse, growing in a compost of vegetable mould.

Photograph reproduced by courtesy of the Royal Horticultural Society.

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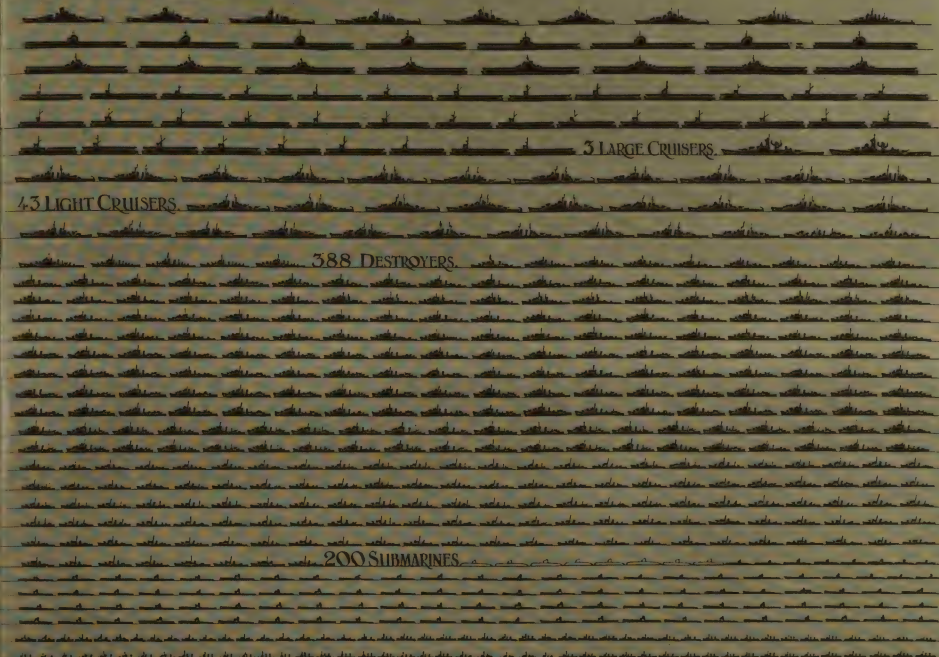
THE WORLD'S TWO LARGEST NAVIES: SILHOUETTES SHOWING THE PROBABLE STRENGTH OF THE SOVIET

Speaking in the House of Commons in March 1953, Mr. Thomas, the First Lord of the Admiralty, said that, should war unhappily come, the Soviet Navy—the second largest in the world, after the U.S. Navy—would offer Russia not only to meet her defensive commitments, but also lend very powerful support to any land and amphibious operations. "It is," he said, "no use, therefore, blinding ourselves to the fact that there is a very strongly armed and efficient Soviet Navy with which to reckon." Above we reproduce silhouettes of United States and Soviet warships in order to render a comparison of the respective strengths of the world's two largest navies more easy. The figures given for the Russian ships, nearly all of post-war construction, are based on an estimate of the probable strength of the Soviet

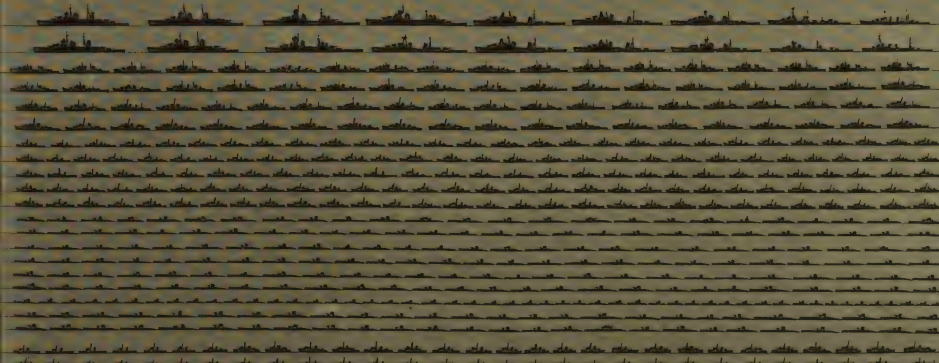
Navy in two to three years' time which was issued by the Admiralty on August 28. In the U.S. section the present strength of the U.S. Navy is shown, with ships due for completion in 1955 and onwards drawn in outline. In both sections all ships are drawn down to large minesweepers only, excluding, therefore, the many hundreds of smaller minesweepers, patrol and landing-craft. It is estimated, according to the Admiralty statement, that a cruiser of the same class as the *Sverdlov*, which represented the Soviet Union at the Queen's Spithead review last year, can be built in two-and-a-half years and—more important still—an ocean-going submarine with a radius of action of 20,000 miles, in six months. If this is so, the Soviet Union would be capable of constructing at least six cruisers a year, and sixty ocean-going submarines, in

DRAWN BY C. W. E.

UNITED STATES NAVY.



RUSSIAN NAVY.



NAVY IN TWO TO THREE YEARS' TIME COMPARED WITH THE PRESENT STRENGTH OF THE U.S. NAVY.

addition to large numbers of destroyers, escorts and small craft. Some of these submarines are being built inland, far from the waters in which they will serve, and their conveyance to join the fleets is a task long familiar to Soviet engineers. It is further estimated that since 1945 the Soviet Government cannot have spent less than the equivalent of £12,000,000,000 on its navy. An important consideration to bear in mind when gauging the strength of this formidable navy is that whereas the Royal Navy, working on a peacetime basis, has about two-thirds of its ships in reserve, the Soviet Navy keeps all its ships not actually refitting fully manned and operational. In terms of weapons, in addition to all the orthodox guns, torpedoes, bombs and mines, the forces of the Soviet Navy represented above may well be capable

RICHARDSON, A.L.N.A.

of using in varying degrees long-range torpedoes of a greatly improved type, mines with complex anti-sweeping devices, tactical atomic weapons and guided missiles, both offensive and defensive. It will be seen that the Soviet Navy has no aircraft-carriers. Instead, it possesses a shore-based Fleet Air Arm which will by 1956-57 consist of about 4000 jet aircraft. This force will be able to work in close co-operation with the fleet most of which is based in the Baltic and other northern areas. Behind this re-born Soviet Navy is Admiral Kuznetsov, who has almost without interruption been its head since 1937. The Russian public is being convinced that their country is once more a sea power, able to command the 26,000-mile seaboard of the U.S.S.R. and able to deal with any naval opposition that may be offered.



A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. SIDELIGHT ON THE PRINCE OF DANDIES.

By FRANK DAVIS.

Moreover, their history is interesting, and again we are in debt to Mr. Connely for his painstaking research—he provides a list of all of them with, where possible, the appropriate dates—that is, from 1823 to 1851. D'Orsay died, aged fifty-one, in 1852.

When in 1849 disaster at last overtook Lady Blessington and her son-in-law, the contents of the

merits are in no way obscured by the assistance which they also freely seek in the main manipulation of their works"; and he goes on to add that D'Orsay was endowed with "a heartfelt sympathy, a searching eye and a critical taste, fostered by habitual intercourse with some of our first artists," among whom Winterhalter and Landseer must be counted.

It is easy to disapprove of dandies, or to make fun of them, but D'Orsay must have been much more than a dazzling socialite convinced that the world owed him a luxurious living. Here is Fonblanque, editor of *The Examiner*: "The unique characteristic of D'Orsay is that the most brilliant wit is uniformly exercised in the most good-natured way. He can be wittier with kindness than the rest of the world with malice." And here is another witness, Charles Dickens, also a frequent visitor at Gore House: "Even a world of fashion left unspoiled the gentle heart of D'Orsay." As to his wit, I like best the story of how pleased he was by the spectacle of his friend Landseer rising in the social scale and painting dogs with longer pedigrees in consequence. The list of D'Orsay's sitters provides a cross-section of society which must be unique—statesmen, writers, gamblers, painters, diplomats, sportsmen, notables and nobodies. They are mostly in profile, and sometimes, greatly daring, he put in the hands. He dabbled also in oils: 27 were in the auction at Gore House, and the curious will find two in the National Portrait Gallery, one of the Duke of Wellington, the other of Jenny Lind. He also tried his hand at sculpture; I have no idea how good or how bad he was when working in three dimensions, but I note that two bronzes by him, one of Lord Brougham, the other of Lord Lyndhurst, were in the Sotheby sale, and the next time I am fortunate enough to spend a day at Versailles I must remember to look for a marble bust of Lamartine.

When Prince Louis Napoleon escaped from his not very onerous imprisonment at Ham, and turned up in London, D'Orsay, a devoted Bonapartist, gave him every possible assistance; twelve years later, after the *coup d'état* by which Louis became Prince-President, he appointed the bankrupt D'Orsay Director of Fine Arts—but too late: the poor man was dying. There appear to be three drawings of the Prince, one, dated 1839, in a private collection, and two others undated. Just before the sheriff's officer got into the house in 1849 D'Orsay received a present from Paris—an umbrella with a jewelled handle; as he drove away to France to escape the consequences of his follies, at three o'clock on a Sunday morning, he took this with him and uttered these famous last words on English soil: "Well, at least, if I have nothing else, I will have the best umbrella that ever was." Who could help loving such a rascal? I can forgive him everything—but then, of course, I wasn't his tailor.

THE MAN WHO APPOINTED THE BANKRUPT D'ORSAY DIRECTOR OF FINE ARTS: PRINCE LOUIS NAPOLEON, AS PORTRAYED BY COUNT D'ORSAY IN PENCIL WITH RED AND GREY WASH.

Mr. Davis confesses to having found himself "fascinated by D'Orsay's drawings of the numerous people that dandy of dandies met during his extravagant career." In 1950 260 drawings by D'Orsay were sold at Sotheby's and three of these are reproduced on this page. Mr. Davis says that "in a few cases the Count gave the original drawing to the sitter, but as a rule he would keep it and the sitter would sign it." One of D'Orsay's many sitters was Prince Louis Napoleon, who, when he escaped from his imprisonment at Ham, and turned up in London, was given every possible assistance by Count D'Orsay, who was a devoted Bonapartist.

house—Gore House—were sold by auction. One item consisted of two portfolios containing 260 drawings. These failed to reach the reserve, but were later sold privately to that extraordinary collector, Sir Thomas Phillipps, whose great library was dispersed recently at Sotheby's in I forget how many days. From 1849 until 1897 no one heard of D'Orsay's drawings. Then seventeen were lent by Sir Thomas's daughter to a Diamond Jubilee Exhibition, created no special interest and went back to the obscurity of the Phillipps' library at Cheltenham. Their next appearance in public was at Sotheby's in 1950, where all 260 of them were sold just over a century after they had failed to find a purchaser from among the hundreds whom curiosity or pity or friendship had enticed to Gore House, about a mile from Hyde Park Corner, on the Kensington Road.

In addition to these 260, only 37 others are known. In a few cases the Count gave the original drawing to the sitter, but as a rule he would keep it and the sitter would sign it. The majority were lithographed by Richard Lane, Lithographer Royal (a resounding title which shows the importance attached to lithography in its early days), and the lithographs were then sold by Mitchell, the Bond Street theatre-ticket agent, at five shillings each. There must be many hundreds pasted into Victorian scrap-books. Lane has an interesting if somewhat obsequious comment to make: "When a gentleman," he says, "would rush into the practice of that which in its mechanism demands experience and instruction, he avails himself of the help of a craftsman whose services are sought for painting in the subordinate parts and working out his rude beginnings. In the first rank of art, at this day, are others who, like Count D'Orsay, have been unprepared excepting by the possession of taste and genius, for the practice of art, and whose



"THIS DARLING OF COURT AND PEOPLE": SIR EDWIN LANDSEER (1802-1873), BY ALFRED COUNT D'ORSAY. PENCIL AND GREY WASH.



DRAWN BY ALFRED COUNT D'ORSAY, SIGNED AND DATED 12 SEPTEMBER, 1843: FRANZ XAVER WINTERHALTER (1806-1873), PAINTER AND LITHOGRAPHER. BLACK CHALK.

CÉZANNE PAINTINGS FROM THE EDINBURGH FESTIVAL EXHIBITION—NOW AT THE TATE GALLERY.



"MARRONNIERS AU JAS DE BOUFFAN," c. 1885. THE HOUSE BELONGING TO CÉZANNE'S FATHER IS ON THE LEFT; THE MOUNTAIN IS THE SAINTE-VICTOIRE. THE AVENUE OF TREES ALSO APPEARS IN "L'ALLÉE AU JAS DE BOUFFAN." (28½ by 36½ ins.) (Institute of Art, Minneapolis.)



"ESQUISSE DE BAIGNEURS," c. 1903. THIS IS ONE OF THE LAST OF THE BATHERS SERIES AND IS CLOSELY RELATED TO ANOTHER SKETCH. (8 by 13 ins.) (Sir Kenneth Clark.)



"PORTRAIT DE CHOCQUET," c. 1877. SAID TO HAVE BEEN PAINTED IN CHOCQUET'S DINING-ROOM IN THE RUE DE RIVOLI. (18 by 15 ins.) (Gallery of Fine Arts, Columbus, Ohio.)



"ARLEQUIN," c. 1889. ONE OF THREE STUDIES OF A WALKING HARLEQUIN, THE MODEL FOR WHICH WAS THE ARTIST'S SON. (36½ by 25½ ins.) (Lord Rothschild.)



"PORTRAIT DE L'ARTISTE," c. 1873. BEHIND THE ARTIST'S HEAD THERE IS A PAINTING, APPARENTLY SOME BUILDINGS SEEN THROUGH THE TREES. (24½ by 21 ins.) (M. Jacques Laroche.)



"BAIGNEUSES," c. 1900. THIS PICTURE IS RELATED TO THE "GRANDES BAIGNEUSES" AT PHILADELPHIA, A LARGE CANVAS SAID TO HAVE BEEN STARTED IN 1895, ABANDONED AND THEN TAKEN UP AGAIN IN 1905. (19½ by 24 ins.) (Art Institute of Chicago.)



"LA ROUTE TOURNANTE," c. 1881. PAINTED IN THE DISTRICT AROUND PONTOISE AND AUVERS WHICH CÉZANNE VISITED OFTEN BETWEEN 1877 AND 1881. (23½ by 28½ ins.) (Museum of Fine Arts, Boston.)

The exhibition of paintings by Cézanne (1839-1906), which was organised by the Arts Council of Great Britain with the Royal Scottish Academy for this year's Edinburgh Festival, was due to open at the Tate Gallery on September 29 and will continue until October 27. The exhibition, one of the outstanding features of the Festival, consists of sixty-four paintings, seven having been added for London. Professor Lawrence Gowing undertook the selection of the works and he has not spared any effort to collect a group of paintings both rich in quality and comprehensive in scope, so that this will rank as the most important exhibition

of Cézanne's work that has yet been held in Great Britain. "For us Cézanne is a touchstone," writes Professor Gowing in an introduction to the catalogue, for which he has also compiled the notes. "He is like a patron saint. Whoever does not feel the force of his art and the heroic virtue of his example, whoever (we might say) can name easily a greater painter, is not only not of his time—more, is not on the threshold of valuing what it is that is precious to this century." Nine pictures have been lent from public and private collections in the U.S.A., some of which have never been shown here before.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



SURFEIT OF LAMPREYS: MODERN VERSION.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

IT has become something of a national joke to refer to a former Sovereign of England having died of a surfeit of lampreys. The speaker is often put to it to say which king it was, and is as often as not even less informed on the subject of the lamprey itself. Whether Henry I. did, in fact, die of a sudden illness occasioned by eating too plentifully of lampreys, as Matthew of Paris would have us believe, the surfeit is traditionally accepted as the cause of death. The poet Alexander Pope is also said to have died in 1744 of the same cause, 609 years after Henry. It may be that it is the oddness of the manner of death which perpetuates the joke, odd, that is, to those of the present century, when lampreys are no longer a widespread and favoured food in England, although still eaten in Eastern Europe. There have, then, been vast changes over the centuries. For example, Pennant tells us that Henry IV. granted protection to ships bringing lampreys for the table of his Royal consort. Later, Henry VI. contracted with William of Nantes for a supply to his army, wherever it might be, of lampreys taken between Harfleur and the mouth of the Seine. In England, lampreys were formerly taken from the Thames. Even as late as the beginning of this century large numbers were taken from the upper reaches of the Thames and sold to Dutch fishermen for bait in the cod and turbot fisheries. But the best supply came from the Severn, and once it was the custom for the city of Gloucester to present the reigning monarch with a lamprey pie.

To-day the lamprey is best known as an object of scientific interest, as a living fossil, the surviving representative of the jawless armoured pre-fishes of 300,000,000 years ago. Eel-like in form, it is not a fish. The skeleton is cartilaginous throughout, and not only does it lack jaws, but it has no ribs and no paired limbs or fins. The skin is smooth and scaleless; there is a single nostril on the head; and the mouth is surrounded by a circular funnel, armed with horny teeth, the funnel forming a sucker by which the animal can attach itself to stones, boats and fishes. The three species found in this country are the brook lamprey, seldom more than 12 ins. long, and living permanently in fresh water; the lampren, or freshwater lamprey, some 16 ins. long, and spending most of its time in the sea; and the sea-lamprey, up to or even more than 3 ft. long, which only ascends the rivers to spawn. The second of these, the so-called freshwater lamprey, was the one that figured so largely on the earlier menus. The brook lamprey was sometimes used as bait. But in all, these small economic values were offset by the heavy toll taken of fish, even such large prey as the basking-sharks not being immune from their attacks.

The first stage in the attack is when the lamprey fastens itself to the body of a fish by its sucker-mouth. Then, rasping a hole in the flesh with the tongue, also armed with horny teeth, an anti-coagulating fluid is injected into the wound, ensuring a free flow of the victim's blood, with which the lamprey gorges itself, a habit more familiar to us in leeches. The fish is not necessarily killed by this attack, although it is weakened by the loss of blood and the wound gives entry to disease, but several such attacks may prove fatal.

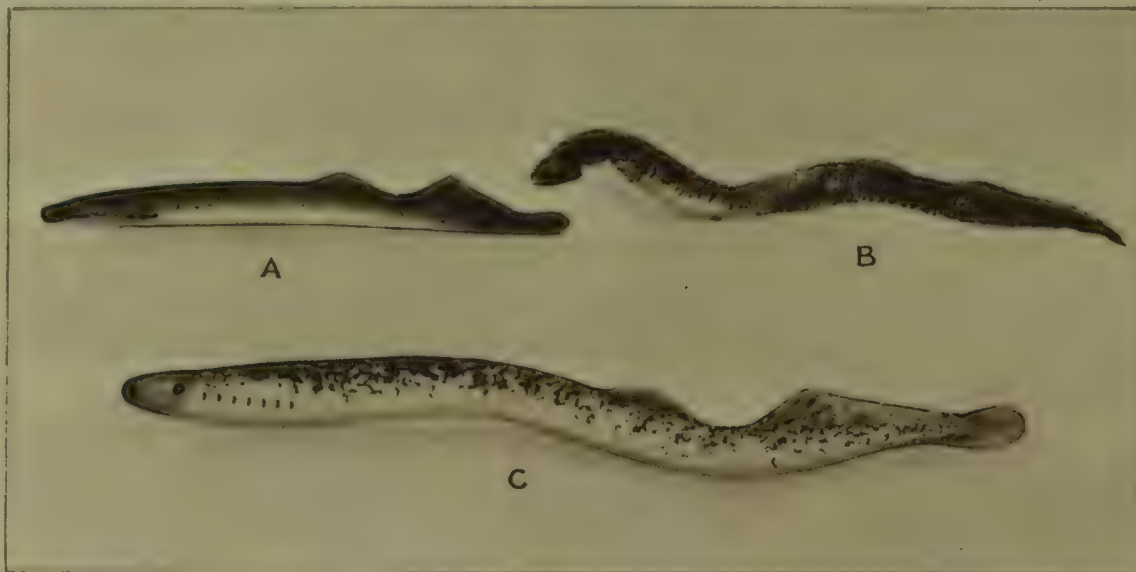
The sucker-mouth has several uses, as shown more especially in the breeding habits. Spawning takes place in spring and summer, and this is preceded, in the freshwater and sea-lampreys, by a spawning migration, when they make their way up the rivers, fixing themselves to fishes or even the bottoms of boats, or swimming with an easy, eel-like motion. They can also make their way over waterfalls by clinging with the mouth to rock surfaces. On the spawning-ground they pair off, each pair making a nest on the bottom of the river in the form of a shallow groove surrounded by a rampart of stones carried

parts of the North Atlantic range, the sea-lamprey was preying on fishes in Lakes Cayuga and Ontario, but the Niagara Falls proved an insurmountable barrier to their migrations. Thus, the fishes of the great lakes Erie, Huron, Michigan and Ontario were spared their attacks and the depredations of a smaller indigenous lamprey did not affect their numbers significantly. Then Lake Ontario was linked with Lake Erie by the Welland Canal, and the way was laid open for invasion. The first rumblings of trouble to come occurred on November 8, 1921, when a sea-lamprey was caught in Lake Erie. In the following years reports of the presence of sea-lampreys continued to come in, and with increasing frequency. In 1930,

one was caught in St. Clair River, and it was apparent that the numbers were increasing steadily in Lake Erie and wanderers were making their way beyond it, and by 1936 it was beginning to be established in Lakes Huron and Michigan. In the following year, Hubbs and Pope, American ichthyologists, wrote in the Transactions of the American Fisheries Society: "In time . . . the sea-lamprey may well attain an abundance equal to or greater than that maintained in Lake Ontario and in Cayuga Lake. If that not improbable end be reached, this large and destructive blood-sucking parasite will . . . add one more very serious factor to those already seriously depleting the supply of lake trout, whitefish, suckers, catfish and other commercial fishes in the Great Lakes."

In *Natural History*, Vol. 58, for 1949, Ben East summarised the position to date under the heading: "Is the Lake Trout Doomed?" The position then was brought out strikingly by a few of his quoted facts. In Lake Michigan 80 per cent. of trout caught over 2 ft. long were scarred by lampreys. A trout might have two or three marks on its body, or as many as nine, each with a diameter of 2 ins. or more. The scars might be shallow, merely penetrating the skin, or there might be deep, gaping wounds. In Lake Huron it was estimated that 90 out of every 100 trout were marked. In Lake Huron, in 1948, nets sagged with dead and dying fish so that it seemed that the bottom of the lake must be covered with the carcasses of lamprey victims. A war against the lamprey has been set going and is continuing, but as in all instances

where a natural balance is upset, it is far more difficult to redress the balance than to upset it. Clearly, in such a case destruction of the predator is accompanied by the destruction of its prey. Methods used to destroy the lamprey affect also the trout, so electrical devices, poisons and the rest have failed. In addition, having the advantage of a flying start, the lamprey is spreading even while search is being made for means of staying its spread. New spawning-grounds have been established in rivers flowing into the Great Lakes, and from these a penetration has been made into the great Mississippi Basin. With a 12,000,000-dollar industry threatened, and worse to come in all probability, this modern version of the surfeit of lampreys fully justifies the gloomy prophecy of Hubbs and Pope seventeen years ago. It is emphasized in another of Ben East's statements that the trout catch for the Great Lakes averaged over the forty years, prior to 1946, 1,720,000 pounds per year, whereas in 1948 it was only 5,000 pounds.



BEST KNOWN TO-DAY AS AN OBJECT OF SCIENTIFIC INTEREST, AS A LIVING FOSSIL, THE SURVIVING REPRESENTATIVE OF THE JAWLESS ARMoured PRE-FISHES OF 300,000,000 YEARS AGO: THE LAMPREY, SHOWING THE FRESHWATER VARIETY (A AND B), AND THE SEA-LAMPREY (C). Although lampreys are now mostly a historical memory in this country, they were once an important article of diet. The freshwater lamprey (A and B) lives parasitically on fishes, sucking the blood in the manner of a leech, and in a way similar to these more familiar bloodsuckers, hanging on to its victims by a sucker-mouth which can be seen more clearly in photograph (B). The sea-lamprey (C), 3 ft. long and weighing 5 lb. or more, has a distinctively mottled skin. It has started to make modern history by its invasion of inland waters of North America and its fantastic depredations on important food-fishes.



LARVÆ OF THE FRESHWATER LAMPREY: PRIDES OR *Ammocoetes*, WHICH ARE 4 TO 5 INS. LONG AND HAVE A HOODED MOUTH. IN MANY OTHER WAYS THEY ARE SO UNLIKE THE ADULT THAT THEY WERE FORMERLY REGARDED AS A DISTINCT SPECIES. FOR THE FIRST THREE TO FOUR YEARS THE PRIDES LIVE IN THE MUD AT THE BOTTOM OF RIVERS.

one at a time with the sucker-mouth. From the eggs hatch larvæ which, after four to five years, change to the adult form, becoming fully mature adults in another three to five years. The larvæ are worm-like, blind, toothless, with a horse-shoe-shaped mouth, and spend their time burrowing in the mud, living on the small animal life contained in it. They are so unlike the parents that for a long time the larva was looked upon as a distinct species, and received a variety of names, such as pride, sandpride, niner and stonegrig. It also received the scientific name of *Ammocoetes*; and the change from the larval to the adult stage is a true metamorphosis involving changes in external appearance as well as in the form of the skeleton, the gill-pouches, the digestive tube, kidneys and other organs.

The sea-lamprey enjoys a wide distribution, throughout the North Atlantic and the Mediterranean. It is from this that a modern version of the surfeit has arisen, which is far from being a joke. Among other



THE START OF A VOLUNTEER MERCY PATROL: AN R.S.P.C.A. INSPECTOR SUPERINTENDING THE DISTRIBUTION OF CARTRIDGES TO BUSINESS-MEN AND FARMERS.



ABOUT TO PUT YET ANOTHER SUFFERING RABBIT OUT OF ITS MISERY: A FARMER OF MARKS HALL, ESSEX, TAKING CAREFUL AIM.

ENDING SUFFERING DELIBERATELY SPREAD BY MAN: A MERCY RABBIT SHOOT IN ESSEX.



ONE OF THE MOST DISTRESSING SIGHTS IN THE COUNTRYSIDE: A RABBIT DYING FROM MYXOMATOSIS, A DISEASE WHICH HAS, IN SOME CASES, BEEN SPREAD BY MAN.

AT the time of writing outbreaks of myxomatosis have been confirmed in over forty counties of England and Wales, and all over the countryside rabbits can be seen dying in slow agony from the effects of this appalling disease, which in some cases has been deliberately spread by man. In order to end the suffering of as many infected rabbits as possible, the R.S.P.C.A. has been forming "mercy squads" in various parts of the country, and the Society has been issuing free cartridges to the farmers, business-men and other volunteers who have been taking part in these mercy shoots. Obviously it is not possible to shoot all the wretched victims, and people seeing dying rabbits have been asked to put them out of their misery by giving them a sharp blow across the neck with a stout stick. The heavy cost of supplying free cartridges is being borne by the R.S.P.C.A., who would be extremely grateful to receive any donations, however small. Those people who are unable to do anything directly to end the suffering of the dying rabbits may welcome the opportunity of playing their part in this way. At the end of August the keepers in Windsor Great Park and Forest were given instructions by the Queen to make regular patrols to kill off rabbits lingering with myxomatosis.



AT THE END OF THE MERCY SHOOT: AN R.S.P.C.A. INSPECTOR SUPERVISING THE BURIAL OF THE RABBITS IN A PIT IN THE COPSE.

SEA AND AIR: A MEMORIAL, A POLITICAL MUTINY, "PRE-WETTING" TRIALS, AND OTHER ITEMS.



AT WHITBY, IN YORKSHIRE: THE POLISH TRAWLER *PUSZCZYKA*, FROM WHICH SEVEN POLISH SEAMEN SOUGHT POLITICAL ASYLUM AFTER LOCKING UP HALF THE CREW. Seven Polish seamen asked to be granted political asylum when they landed at Whitby on September 23 after their ship, the trawler *Puszczka*, had put into port with the captain and eight other members of the crew locked up in their quarters. On September 24 the Polish Ambassador, Mr. Milnikiel, informed the Foreign Office that Poland would demand the extradition of the seven trawlermen, who were taken on that day to Durham Prison to await the decision of the Home Office on their application.



WALKING AWAY FROM THE BURNING *YORK* AIRCRAFT AND PHOTOGRAPHED BY A SURVIVOR: THE AIR HOSTESS, MISS HELEN GOOD, WHO WAS ONE OF THE LAST TO LEAVE. Forty-five troops, bound for the Canal Zone, escaped when a four-engine *York* aircraft of Scottish Airways crashed and burst into flames on the runway at Stansted, Essex, on September 22, when taking off. A twenty-year-old lance-sergeant of the Welsh Guards opened the rear exit door and helped the troops to file out quietly; with him was the aircraft hostess and the pilot. They were the last three to leave the burning aircraft which is shown here as photographed by a survivor.



"PRE-WETTING" TRIALS: A METHOD OF PROTECTING WARSHIPS AGAINST RADIOACTIVE PARTICLES BEING TESTED IN H.M.S. *CUMBERLAND*, THE NAVY'S EXPERIMENTAL CRUISER. The Admiralty announced on September 26 that a method of protecting warships against radioactive particles, while operating in the outer fringe of a region affected by an underwater explosion of an atomic bomb, had been tested in H.M.S. *Cumberland* (commanded by Captain T. V. Briggs, R.N.). Tests began in home waters in May and ended in the Mediterranean in August.



A MEMORIAL TO WILLIAM FROUDE, ENGINEER AND NAVAL ARCHITECT: A SCENE DURING THE UNVEILING CEREMONY AT TORQUAY.

Representatives from several naval colleges in Europe were present at the unveiling in Torquay on September 21, by Viscount Runciman of Doxford, of a memorial to William Froude (1810-79), whose outstanding contributions to the science of naval architecture brought him world renown. Our photograph, taken during the unveiling ceremony, shows Hr. H. F. Nordstrom, of Sweden, speaking, and on the right, Lord Runciman, with the Mayor and Mayoress of Torquay.



TAKING OFF FROM FILTON TO FLY TO IDRIS, IN NORTH AFRICA, FOR TROPICAL TESTS: THE MIGHTY BRISTOL *BRITANNIA* PROTOTYPE.

On September 25 the Bristol *Britannia* prototype, piloted by Mr. A. J. Pegg, of the Bristol Aeroplane Company, flew from Filton to Idris, in North Africa, for tropical performance tests. The aircraft, which landed at Idris after a flight of five hours, was to be based at Idris for a fortnight. The *Britannia* prototype, which is the largest turbo-prop airliner in the world, carried thousands of pounds' worth of scientific precision instruments and photographic recording gear.



WASHED WITH WATER AT THE RATE OF 300 TONS AN HOUR: H.M.S. *CUMBERLAND* DURING RECENT MEDITERRANEAN ATOM-PROTECTION TESTS.

PERSONALITIES AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



APPOINTED BISHOP OF SODOR AND MAN: THE RT. REV. B. POLLARD.

The Rt. Rev. Benjamin Pollard, D.D., Bishop Suffragan of Lancaster, Archdeacon of Lancaster, Vicar of Lancaster and Canon of Blackburn Cathedral, has been appointed to the Bishopric of Sodor and Man in succession to the Rt. Rev. John Ralph Strickland Taylor, who is resigning on October 30. Dr. Pollard, who is sixty-four, was appointed first Bishop Suffragan of Lancaster in 1936.



THE NEW COMMISSIONER FOR MALAYA IN LONDON: INCHE OTHMAN BIN MOHAMED.

The new Commissioner for Malaya in the U.K. arrived in London on September 26 and is shortly to take up his appointment. He succeeds Raja Sir Uda and is the second Malay to hold the post. Like his predecessor, he was Menti Besar (Prime Minister) of the State of Selangor before being appointed to London.



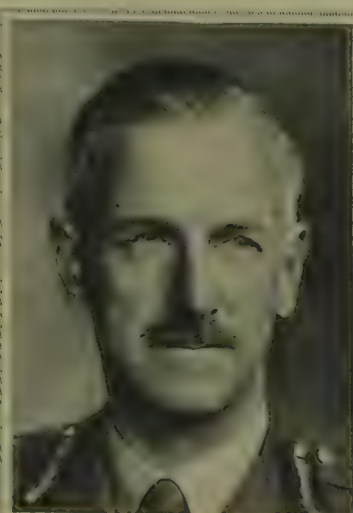
PRESIDING OVER THE LABOUR PARTY CONFERENCE IN SCARBOROUGH: MR. WILFRED BURKE.

Mr. W. Burke, chairman of the Labour Party, 1953-54, has been presiding over the Labour Party conference which opened on Sept. 27. Before the conference, Dr. Summerskill, vice-chairman of the Labour Party, said that during the Far Eastern tour she invited Mr. Malenkov and Mr. Chou En-lai to visit Britain.



SUSPENDED FROM OFFICE: M. J. DIDES, PRINCIPAL PARIS POLICE COMMISSIONER.

M. Jean Dides, Principal Paris Police Commissioner, who was suspended on Sept. 22, has stated that he refused to reveal the source of documents concerning National Defence plans found in his possession because they were given him by an agent within the Communist Party. Leakages of secret information had occurred.



APPOINTED DIRECTOR-GENERAL OF CIVIL DEFENCE: GENERAL SIR SIDNEY KIRKMAN.

It was announced on September 27 that General Sir Sidney Kirkman had been chosen as the new Director-General of Civil Defence. General Kirkman, who is fifty-nine, recently retired from the Army. He held divisional and corps commands in Italy and was Deputy C.I.G.S., 1945-47; and Quartermaster-General to the Forces, 1947-50.



TO BE HIGH COMMISSIONER FOR INDIA IN LONDON: MRS. PANDIT.

Mrs. Pandit, the retiring President of the United Nations General Assembly, is to be High Commissioner for India in London. She is expected to take up her appointment in the middle of November. Mrs. Pandit, who is the sister of Mr. Nehru, the Prime Minister of India, was Ambassador to Moscow, 1947-49; and Ambassador of India to the U.S.A., 1949-51. She will succeed Mr. B. G. Kher.



IN WÜRZBURG: THE CHRISTENING OF THE TWIN DAUGHTERS OF THE ARCHDUKE OTTO OF HAPSBURG.

On September 13 the Archduchess Regina, wife of Archduke Otto of Hapsburg, gave birth to twin daughters at Würzburg, in Bavaria. The infants were baptised Monika and Michaela on September 19. Our photograph shows (l. to r.) Countess Waldburg-Zell; the ex-Empress Zita, holding Monika; Archduke Otto, holding his eldest daughter; behind him, Prince Heinrich of Liechtenstein; Duchess Maria of Sachsen-Meiningen, holding Michaela; and Princess Françoise of Bourbon-Parma.



IN BERLIN: THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON, SIR NOËL BOWATER, WITH THE MAYOR OF BERLIN.

Sir Noël Bowater, the Lord Mayor of London, and Lady Bowater arrived in Berlin on September 24 by air for a civic visit. On September 25 Sir Noël Bowater opened the British pavilion at the German industrial fair in Berlin. In our photograph he can be seen signing the City's Golden Book in the City Hall; with him is Herr Schreiber, Mayor of Berlin.



PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED NATIONS GENERAL ASSEMBLY: DR. VAN KLEFFENS.

When the U.N. General Assembly began its ninth session in New York on September 21, Dr. van Kleffens, of the Netherlands, was elected as its new President. Dr. van Kleffens, an experienced and highly qualified diplomat, became Foreign Secretary of the Netherlands in 1939; early in the occupation he escaped to London and was Foreign Minister of the Government in exile all through the war.



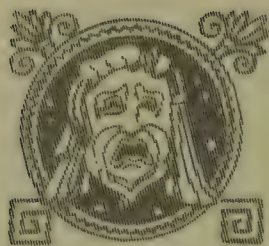
SHAKING HANDS: MR. SELWYN LLOYD, OF THE UNITED KINGDOM, AND MR. ALEXIS KYROU, OF GREECE (RIGHT).

Our photograph shows Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, British Minister of State, shaking hands with Mr. Alexis Kyrrou, of Greece, before the start of a meeting of the United Nations General Assembly in New York. On September 24 the General Assembly voted to place the Anglo-Greek dispute over Cyprus on its agenda, after Britain had announced that she would boycott any debate on it.



A ROYAL ENGAGEMENT: PRINCESS MARIA PIA OF ITALY WITH HER FIANCÉ, PRINCE ALEXANDER OF YUGOSLAVIA.

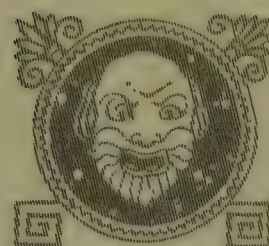
Princess Maria Pia of Savoy, eldest daughter of ex-King Umberto of Italy, and Prince Alexander of Yugoslavia announced their engagement on September 24, which was the Princess's twentieth birthday. Prince Alexander said that the marriage would probably take place during the winter at Cascais, Portugal, where King Umberto is now living.



THE WORLD OF THE CINEMA.

HANKY-PANKY ROUND A FOUNTAIN.

By ALAN DENT.



ON a lovely, languorous cruise to Finland and back—a critic must relax at some time or other—I have been speculating as to whether or not public taste in England has ever in modern times been quite as low as it is at present. I doubt if it has. There is something about the public acclaim given to such a film as "Three Coins in the Fountain" which forbids one to think otherwise. It is a film which seems to me to be of a quite monumental silliness. Yet it is so enormously to the public taste that one could only obtain a seat to see it at the second time of trying.

It begins with a drooling ditty sung by Mr. Frankie Sinatra which, as goes without saying, comes back upon us now and again like the taste of something we have eaten and not very particularly enjoyed. This song says something to the effect that if you throw a coin into the Fountain of Trevi and wish the while, your wish will duly be granted. When one is in Rome, one does this as a matter of course, even though it is not a thing that the Romans do! The Romans, on the contrary—by which one means all the little Roman boys—wait until dusk and then dive into the fountain-basin to collect all the coins cast therein in the course of the day. We may or may not have our wishes granted. But there is no earthly doubt that the little Roman larrikins are all the richer for our wishes.

The film says very little more than the song does. Three American secretaries of well-contrasted ages are "out" to catch husbands with the single-minded pertinacity of the three young women in "How to Marry a Millionaire." They seem young women well acquainted with luxury. They inhabit palatial apartments, and even the offices in which they occasionally

something distasteful in this third episode and especially in the way in which it is acted: "Miss McNamara does not play [as a rule] cold-blooded schemers, but little sillies whose pretence at a worldly-wise sophistication only serves to underline their essential honesty and innocence. A certain coy whimsicality can, then, be excused—indeed, it is necessary—but Miss

dishonest!" I just gasp at the fatuity of such talk, even though the audience around me laughs its easily-pleased head off.

No, and again, No! The only things I found to enjoy in "Three Coins in the Fountain" were the fountains themselves and the scenery, both in Rome and in Venice (for we took a flying trip to the latter city when the Roman plot looked like petering out like a damp Roman candle). Bernini's riot of nymphs and Neptunes, spouting fauns and gushing naiads—the magical view of the eternal city from the Pincio—the glowing decay of Venice—the agelessness of the Rialto and the wonderfully evocative palace-façades on either side—then back to Rome again and those sportive Tritons and those nereids lashed with musical water. "What pipes and timbrels! What wild ecstasy!" we echo Keats. And then in between us and these rapturous sights those flesh-and-blood characters with their silly little story keep popping, absolutely obliging us to alter Keats and say: "What struggles to be wed! What maidens far from loth! What mild ecstasy!"

Long shall I remember the conclusion to this film as being, in the phrase of that former Venetian lady, Desdemona, "most lame and impotent." Our three harpies reassemble at the Fountain of Trevi to wish there again. And lo and behold, their three chosen mates appear out of the blue at one and the same

time! I had not thought it possible that an ending so obviously and shamelessly contrived could occur to anybody. But occur it did, to the makers of this picture. And the sheer foolishness of it appeared to me to strike even some members of the crowded audience—who had been purring with pleasure all



"THREE AMERICAN SECRETARIES OF WELL-CONTRASTED AGES ARE 'OUT' TO CATCH HUSBANDS": A SCENE FROM "THREE COINS IN THE FOUNTAIN," IN WHICH ANITA (JEAN PETERS) AND FRANCES (DOROTHY MCGUIRE) SMILE AS PRINCE DINO (LOUIS JOURDAN) IS INTRODUCED TO THE NEWLY-ARRIVED MARIA (MAGGIE MCNAMARA), WHO KNOWS NOTHING OF HIS REPUTATION AS A DON GIOVANNI.

McNamara overdoes it." For me personally no amount of coy whimsicality can make the machinations of moronic gold-diggers palatable. Without wit they are the most tedious and exasperating sort of characters—just as the characters of Restoration Comedy would, without wit, be intolerable. When there is plentiful

wit even their deplorable lack of principle can be made amusing—as Miss Anita Loos proved with her apparently immortal "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" (which is now nearly a quarter of a century old) and as Mr. Garson Kanin occasionally reminds us in such delightful plays and films as "Born Yesterday."

But this wit, which can be so redemptive a quality, seems to me utterly absent from the script of this film called "Three Coins in the Fountain." When the silliest and youngest of the trio says to her Don Giovanni: "Prince, you have an exciting mind—something that handsome men rarely have!"—she is not only not particularly witty; she is not even speaking in character. And when the novelist—played with a characteristic casualness by

Mr. Clifton Webb—remarks to his particular temptress at the typewriter: "I can't make out whether you are being dishonestly honest with me, or whether you are being honestly

the way through as though the plot had been devised by Mr. Maugham and the dialogue supplied by Congreve or Wilde.

My own mention of Wilde reminds me of something I heard at the Edinburgh Festival—an apparently well-founded rumour that Mr. Asquith's delightful film of "The Importance of Being Earnest" has not, even with Dame Edith Evans's stupendous Lady Bracknell as its figure-head, had anything like the success expected of it. To deny that this play is witty is to deny that Rembrandt could paint, that Johann Strauss could write a waltz, or that Wordsworth could turn a sonnet. The only logical conclusion, therefore, is that wit is no longer wanted or desirable. And if this be true, I might as well stay in Scandinavia and—like Polonius—"keep a farm and carters."



IN COLOUR AND CINEMASCOPE: "THREE COINS IN THE FOUNTAIN" (20TH CENTURY-FOX), SHOWING A SCENE FROM THE FILM IN WHICH SHADWELL (CLIFTON WEBB) OFFERS HIS HAND TO HIS SECRETARY, MISS FRANCES (DOROTHY MCGUIRE), WHOM HE HAS FOUND WADING IN A POND AFTER RETRIEVING A SMALL BOY'S BOAT. ("THREE COINS IN THE FOUNTAIN" WAS GENERALLY RELEASED ON SEPTEMBER 20.)

condescend to do a little typing and letter-answering would appear—in colour and Cinema-Scope—to be furnished entirely in marble and malachite. But mere luxury is not enough for these

nymphs. One of them would like to secure in the shackles of matrimony her employer, a novelist with a tiresome habit of giving his attention to the books he writes instead of to the avid amanuensis to whom he dictates. This is the one played by Miss Dorothy McGuire. A second aims no higher than an Italian workman who can offer her devotion if she herself can supply the diamonds. This is the one played by Miss Jean Peters. And the third—the one played by Miss Maggie McNamara—has for her object in life a wedding-ring—and no hanky-panky—with an Italian prince who has castles all over the Apennines and the reputation of Don Giovanni. Even the kindest of the criticisms this film has received—and most of them have been far too indulgent—finds

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SHAKESPEARE'S ROMEO AND JULIET FILMED AT VERONA: AN ANGLO-ITALIAN ENTERPRISE.



"MADAM, YOUR MOTHER CRAVES A WORD WITH YOU": THE NURSE (FLORA ROBSON) SUMMONS JULIET (SUSAN SHENTALL), WHO HAS BEEN DANCING WITH ROMEO (LAURENCE HARVEY), UNAWARE THAT HE IS THE SON OF MONTAGUE.



"I AM PEPPERED, I WARRANT, FOR THIS WORLD—A PLAGUE O' BOTH YOUR HOUSES!" MERCUTIO (ALDO ZOLLO) HAS BEEN MORTALLY WOUNDED BY TYBALT. BENVOLIO COMES TO HIS AID AND COMFORTS HIM.



"BUT, AS I SAID, ON LAMMAS-EVE AT NIGHT SHALL SHE BE FOURTEEN. . . ." THE NURSE AT GREAT LENGTH EXPLAINS TO LADY CAPULET (LYDIA SHERWOOD) HOW SHE ARRIVES AT JULIET'S AGE. JULIET LISTENS PATIENTLY.



"WHERE ARE THE VILE BEGINNERS OF THIS FRAY?" BENVOLIO (BILL TRAVERS) IS ASKED. TYBALT (ENZO FIERMONTE), THE SLAYER OF MERCUTIO, HAS IN TURN BEEN KILLED BY ROMEO, WHO HAS FLED VERONA.



"O, BROTHER MONTAGUE, GIVE ME THY HAND." OVERCOME AT THE SIGHT OF ROMEO AND JULIET LYING TOGETHER IN DEATH, MONTAGUE (GIULIO GABINETTO) BREAKS DOWN AND CAPULET (SEBASTIAN CABOT) PUTS HIS ARMS ABOUT HIM.

The film of "Romeo and Juliet," which opened at the Odeon Cinema, Leicester Square, on September 24, is an Anglo-Italian venture. It has, of course, an English author, a predominantly English cast, and has been directed by an Italian, Renato Castellani. It is presented by the Rank Organisation in conjunction with the Italian *Universalcine* Company, and has been filmed in colour

in the authentic setting of Verona. The film was awarded the Golden Lion of St. Mark—the premier award at the Venice Film Festival, which ended on September 7. The cast is headed by Laurence Harvey, who plays Romeo to Susan Shentall's Juliet. While Laurence Harvey is well known as a Shakespearean actor, Susan Shentall has never before appeared on the stage or screen.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

PRIVATE HOTEL.

By J. C. TREWIN.

I HOPE, one of these days, to meet a play, set in a private hotel, a boarding-house, or what you will, in which everybody is cheerful, no types are snatched from stock, nobody seems to suffer from acute loneliness, and no one, in any circumstances, jokes about the food.

This, I suppose, is crying for the waters of the moon. Indeed, the play might have little reason for its existence. On the stage any private hotel or guest-house has to be cut to much the same pattern. Terence Rattigan is a highly professional dramatist: he has not disdained, in his double bill, "Separate Tables" (St. James's), to use some of the familiar types and to make a few of the accepted jests.

At the same time, he has provided some more freakish types to distract the mind a little from the ordinary ones. There is the ex-docker from Hull, former M.P., former Under-Secretary (department not stated), who meets his divorced wife—by no means a chance meeting on her part—in a private hotel "near Bournemouth." There is the ex-wife herself, a complex woman who has never been happy unless enslaving someone. And there is a dragon-resident's hysterical, suppressed daughter, turned suddenly rebellious. These are guests that keep "Separate Tables" from being too matter-of-course.

In form, the evening is a pair of one-act plays, "long-shorts" as "The Browning Version" and "Harlequinade" were. The difference here is that the plays are linked by their setting—the same dining-room and "lounge"—and by the same body of supporting characters. It is all exceedingly cunning; and Mr. Rattigan shows yet again what a professional he is: a dramatist who is obstinately determined to tell a story, to keep the party going, and to keep realism from being too obtrusive. In the theatre there are many worse ambitions. Rattigan has never been a dramatist bent upon flummoxing us, upon setting us to wander in some gloomy wild.

Good; and yet (as I say) I do wish that, when he had invited us to be guests at his private hotel, he had taken a kindlier view of hotel life. It cannot always be like this. The two young people in the

themselves, briskly irreverent, are not unfamiliar. Basil Henson and Patricia Raine present them with much competence. I do not mean that as faint praise. We cannot always say, as we do here, that everyone concerned—dramatist, cast, producer (he is Peter Glenville)—has done a good job, has been, in a word, competent.



"BERNARD BRADEN HAS AN ENORMOUS RED BEARD AND HIS OWN CHARM, AND IT MUST ALWAYS BE A PLEASURE TO MEET ELEANOR SUMMERFIELD, A COMEDIENNE WHO CAN GIVE WIT TO THE LEAST WITTY LINE": "NO NEWS FROM FATHER" (CAMBRIDGE), BY THE DUTCH DRAMATIST, LEONHARD HUIZINGA, SHOWING A SCENE FROM THE PLAY, WITH ELEANOR SUMMERFIELD AS STELLA HUNTER AND BERNARD BRADEN AS MR. ROBERTS.

Agreed, it would be better if they could sometimes lift us from our seats with excitement. There is no chance of that, so let us be grateful for what we have—even while admitting to ourselves that we do miss any special glint that would cause us to pick out these plays in years ahead, when they are stowed in the caverns of memory.

The first one, "Table By the Window," is about the reunion of the former rough-diamond politician (now a glum fellow given to dropping down to the pub on the corner) with the former icicle of a wife whom he had loved passionately. Loved, yes; but he had been imprisoned for ill-treating her. (The play clearly shows why.) Now, the hotel manageress brings them together—presumably one of those things in the week's work. The dramatist merely hints at the way in which it is done; all we know is that, at late breakfast one morning, the pair are left together at Table Number Seven. I cannot believe, myself, that there will be any lasting happiness, but we can think so if we wish, and irrevocably Rattigan drops his curtain there. Eric Portman—though he swallows a phrase now and again—is splendidly cut-and-thrust as the man the young people call "Karl Marx"; and Margaret Leighton persuades us that she knows about the woman (met at a perilous moment in her life) who has already lost two husbands, and who must rally herself now or never. Neither of these is a customary guest. Their tale, played out against its conventional background, can move us, if not as "The Browning Version" did (it is still Rattigan's first achievement in the "long-short").

"Table Number Seven" is the title of the second play. That, you remember, is where we left the reunited couple at the interval. The first was a

winter's tale. In the second play it is mid-summer, and Table Number Seven is occupied by a so-called Major. The man is palpably bogus, a cheap imitation; and yet he is mildly pathetic in his efforts to hide behind the smoke-screen of a fictitious past: almost he believes that he is the man he pretends to be. We can sympathise with his effort to hide from other residents the local paper that reports his fall: he has been bound over for insulting behaviour at a cinema. Naturally, the residents' dragon-cum-iceberg (Miss Neilson-Terry again) hauls out the scandal ("What a naughty carry-on!" as the nannie observes in a recent West End farce), and the little man is tried, in his absence, by the guests in committee.

It is enough to say that—thanks again to the tact of the manageress—the now ex-Major resolves to stay on at the hotel, to see the thing through. He knows that, in doing this, he is helping the dragon's weakly hysterical daughter, who has also had her daydreams (the Major has figured in them prominently). Now, for the first time in her life, she will be defiant. It is a pity we cannot know the sequel. Mr. Rattigan tantalises us.

This is the better of the plays, though, as other nannies used to say, it is deliberately "made to be told." It does not spring from life. It is Mr. Rattigan inventing a good story. Still, the main thing is that it succeeds in the theatre. Mr. Portman is exact as the bogus Major with the pathetic slickness, the shy tortoise-thrust of the head. Miss Leighton is too obviously Miss Leighton in a character part, but it is a bold attempt, and she brings off the last few moments.

There we leave the hotel for its stories to renew themselves (I have no doubt) during many weeks to come. And, before paying my bill, I have to salute the manageress (Beryl Measor). She is closely involved in the first play. During the second she is a compassionate onlooker. Wisely she deals with each problem; Miss Measor acts her with a care and truth that I am likely to recall when the plays have dimmed. For me she is at the heart of the evening, life itself where some of the others are only skilful illustrations



"ABOUT THE REUNION OF THE FORMER ROUGH-DIAMOND POLITICIAN... WITH THE FORMER ICICLE OF A WIFE WHOM HE HAD LOVED PASSIONATELY": "TABLE BY THE WINDOW," ONE OF THE TWO NEW PLAYS BY TERENCE RATTIGAN AT THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE. THIS SCENE, FROM THE FIRST PLAY OF THE DOUBLE BILL ENTITLED "SEPARATE TABLES," SHOWS MRS. SHANKLAND (MARGARET LEIGHTON; BACKGROUND), MISS COOPER (BERYL MEASOR) AND MR. MARTIN (ERIC PORTMAN).

first play, talking disrespectfully of their fellow-guests, find nicknames for everyone: the Bournemouth Belle, Minnie Mouse, Mr. Chips, Dream Girl. It is too easy, though the types are uncommonly well acted. Phyllis Neilson-Terry is a berg that floats majestically to the lounge after dinner; Jane Eccles is mild and sweet; Aubrey Mather is the retired schoolmaster always hoping for a visit from a pupil; May Hallatt is a husky eccentric absorbed in dreams and racing systems. The waitresses, too, are from stock: old and gruff (Marion Fawcett), young and pert (Priscilla Morgan). And the two young people



THE SECOND PLAY IN THE DOUBLE BILL "SEPARATE TABLES," AT THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE: "TABLE NUMBER SEVEN," SHOWING A SCENE WITH (L. TO R.) FOREGROUND MISS RAILTON-BELL (MARGARET LEIGHTON), MRS. RAILTON-BELL (PHYLLIS NEILSON-TERRY) AND MAJOR POLLOCK (ERIC PORTMAN); (BACKGROUND) MR. FOWLER (AUBREY MATHER), MISS MEACHAM (MAY HALLATT) AND MABEL (MARION FAWCETT). THE SCENE IS A PRIVATE HOTEL NEAR BOURNEMOUTH.

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"NO NEWS FROM FATHER" (Cambridge).—The Dutch dramatist Leonhard Huizinga (who has adapted his own play, with Donald Bull) here allows an eminent, vague and whimsical ethnologist to return from the Arctic after an absence of ten years, and to cause chaos in his household. Farical chaos ought to be funny: this, I fear, is not, but it is acted with much loyalty by a cast of six. Bernard Braden, Eleanor Summerfield and Robin Bailey are players too good not to make a few bricks out of the wispy straw. (September 15.)

"SEPARATE TABLES" (St. James's).—They are the separate tables in a private hotel near Bournemouth. Terence Rattigan has written around its occupants two "long-short" plays, one called "Table by the Window," the other "Table Number Seven." These are linked in an evening of professional skill, though one is always aware of the dramatist manipulating his characters and neither of the pieces has the quality of "The Browning Version." Even so, the adroit play-making and the sharp performances should keep the plays in the St. James's bill for some time. Eric Portman, Margaret Leighton and Beryl Measor (precisely right as the manageress) are understanding; and, with Peter Glenville in charge, a technician has directed technicians. (September 22.)

to a skilful magazine story. Who could fail to recommend her hotel?

I do not find it so easy to recommend "No News From Father" (Cambridge), a quite preposterous piece, by a Dutch dramatist, about an ethnologist-explorer who returns to his wife after ten years among the Eskimos. Bernard Braden has an enormous red beard and his own charm, and it must always be a pleasure to meet Eleanor Summerfield, a comedienne who can give wit to the least witty line, and Robin Bailey, with his vast repertory of expressions. I did wish, even so, that I were meeting them in other surroundings.

THE PARIS OPERA BALLET SEASON AT COVENT GARDEN: STARS AND LEADING DANCERS APPEARING IN LONDON.



IN "PRINTEMPS A VIENNE," SCHEDULED FOR PERFORMANCE ON MONDAY, OCTOBER 11: MME. MICHELINE BARDIN AND M. YOLLY ALGAROFF, TWO OF THE STAR DANCERS OF THE PARIS OPERA BALLET.

THE famous Ballet Company of the Paris Opera was due to open a two-weeks season at Covent Garden Opera House on Tuesday last, September 28, during which eighteen ballets from their repertoire are being given. These include a performance of their production of Stravinsky's "L'Oiseau de Feu," with choreography by Serge Lifar and costumes and scenery by Wakhevitch, arranged for Saturday, October 9. This is likely to be of particular interest to ballet enthusiasts in this country, as it will be remembered that our own *prima ballerina assoluta*, Margot Fonteyn, recently scored a great triumph in a revival of Fokine's "Firebird" which, in the Sadler's Wells production, was given with scenery and costumes similar to those of its original presentation. The Paris Opera Ballet production with choreography by Lifar has entirely new costumes and *décor* by Wakhevitch. The "Tableau des Fleurs," from the great spectacular production, "Les Indes Galantes," which enjoyed such success in Paris, is the only ballet due to be given twice during the season. It was on the scheduled programme for September 29, and also for that arranged for

(Continued opposite.)



IN "LES INDES GALANTES" ("TABLEAU DES FLEURS"), THE ONLY BALLET CHOSEN TO BE GIVEN TWICE IN THE LONDON SEASON: MME. LIANE DAYDE AND M. MICHEL RENAULT, TWO OF THE STAR DANCERS.

(Continued.)

October 1. The music is by Jean Phillippe Rameau and choreography by Harald Lander and scenery and costumes by Fost-Moulène. The programme arranged for the opening night was "Suite en Blanc," to music by Lalo, and choreography by Serge Lifar, and "Les Mirages," to Henri Sauguet music, with choreography also by Lifar. The visit of the Paris Opera Ballet is in the nature of a courteous exchange, for our famous Sadler's Wells Ballet is appearing in Paris for a fortnight while London is enjoying the visit of the French company. Dancers of the Paris Opera are trained in the dancing school housed in the building of the opera and graduate through the stages of *Deuxièmes quadrilles*, *coryphées*, *les petits sujets*, *les grand sujets* (soloists) to the rank of *premier danseurs* and, finally, the finest of them reach the position of *étoiles*—stars. On this page we give photographs of some of the stars and the *premier danseurs* and *première danseuses* who are appearing during the London season.

(LEFT.)

ONE OF THE STAR DANCERS OF THE PARIS OPERA BALLET: MME. CHRISTIANE VAUSSARD.



IN "L'OISEAU DE FEU," WITH COSTUMES BY WAKHEVITCH: THE STAR DANCERS, SERGE LIFAR AND NINA VYROBOVA.



PREMIERE DANSEUSE AND PREMIER DANSEUR IN "PRINTEMPS A VIENNE": MME. JOSETTE CLAVIER AND M. PIERRE LACOTTE.



TWO OF THE STAR DANCERS APPEARING AT COVENT GARDEN: MME. MICHELINE BARDIN AND M. MICHEL RENAULT.

"AS OTHERS SEE US...": EUROPEANS THROUGH THE EYES OF NATIVE ARTISTS.



A DUTCH MERCHANT THROUGH THE EYES OF A HAIDA INDIAN, BRITISH COLUMBIA: A SHALE CARVING OF ABOUT 1830-40. 8 INS. HIGH.



THE PURPOSEFUL EUROPEAN CYCLIST: A WOOD CARVING, TOUCHED WITH COLOUR, FROM THE YORUBA, NIGERIA. MODERN WORK. 16 INS. HIGH.



QUEEN VICTORIA—A FAVOURITE SUBJECT IN WEST AFRICA. A YORUBA WOOD CARVING. BENEATH THE SKIRTS ARE HIGH-HEELED BOOTS. 16 INS. HIGH.



SEEN WITH A SINGULARLY DISPASSIONATE EYE: A EUROPEAN COURTING COUPLE OF PERHAPS THE TWENTIES. YORUBA WORK. 8½ INS. HIGH.

THE illustrations on this page are reproduced from an exhibition at the Berkeley Galleries (20, Davies Street, W.1) which was due to be opened by Sir Ronald Storrs on Sept. 29, remaining open until Oct. 23. The Exhibition is entitled "Europeans Seen Through Native Eyes," and consists of sculptures from Africa, Asia and America, each showing Europeans as seen by the natives of the country concerned. For the most part, these sculptures are the products of the last hundred years or so, and the liveliest come from Africa and the west coast of North America. Some are indeed works of art, but many draw their interest from the nature of the comment they make on the white stranger. The North American examples are what are called "shale" sculptures—works carved in a black stone which is of cheesy softness when quarried, later

[Continued opposite.



A REMARKABLY ELEGANT AND IMPRESSIVE LORD KITCHENER IN HIGHLY POLISHED WOOD. PROBABLY E. AFRICAN OR SUDANESE. 21½ INS. HIGH.

Continued.] hardening; and while some—of which we show two—are naturalistic portraits, the remainder are the extraordinarily complex pipes, with figures convoluted in an almost "Scythian" way. As might be expected, the African sculptures, mostly in wood, are the most interesting and various. Some are virtually naturalistic, like the Congo missionary we illustrate; some are satirical, like the District Officer and the courting couple, although the satire derives from amusement rather than anger; and others reflect an aspect of the subject which has impressed the sculptor. The Kitchener statue, for example, reflects the elegance, the austerity, the aloofness of the subject; while the Queen Victoria portrays a Royal and a maternal idea; and the strong boots which are carefully carved below the long skirt convey the idea of high social standing.



PERHAPS FROM THE SAME SOURCE AS THE COURTING COUPLE: A DISTRICT OFFICER LAYING DOWN THE LAW AT HIS DESK. 9½ INS. HIGH.



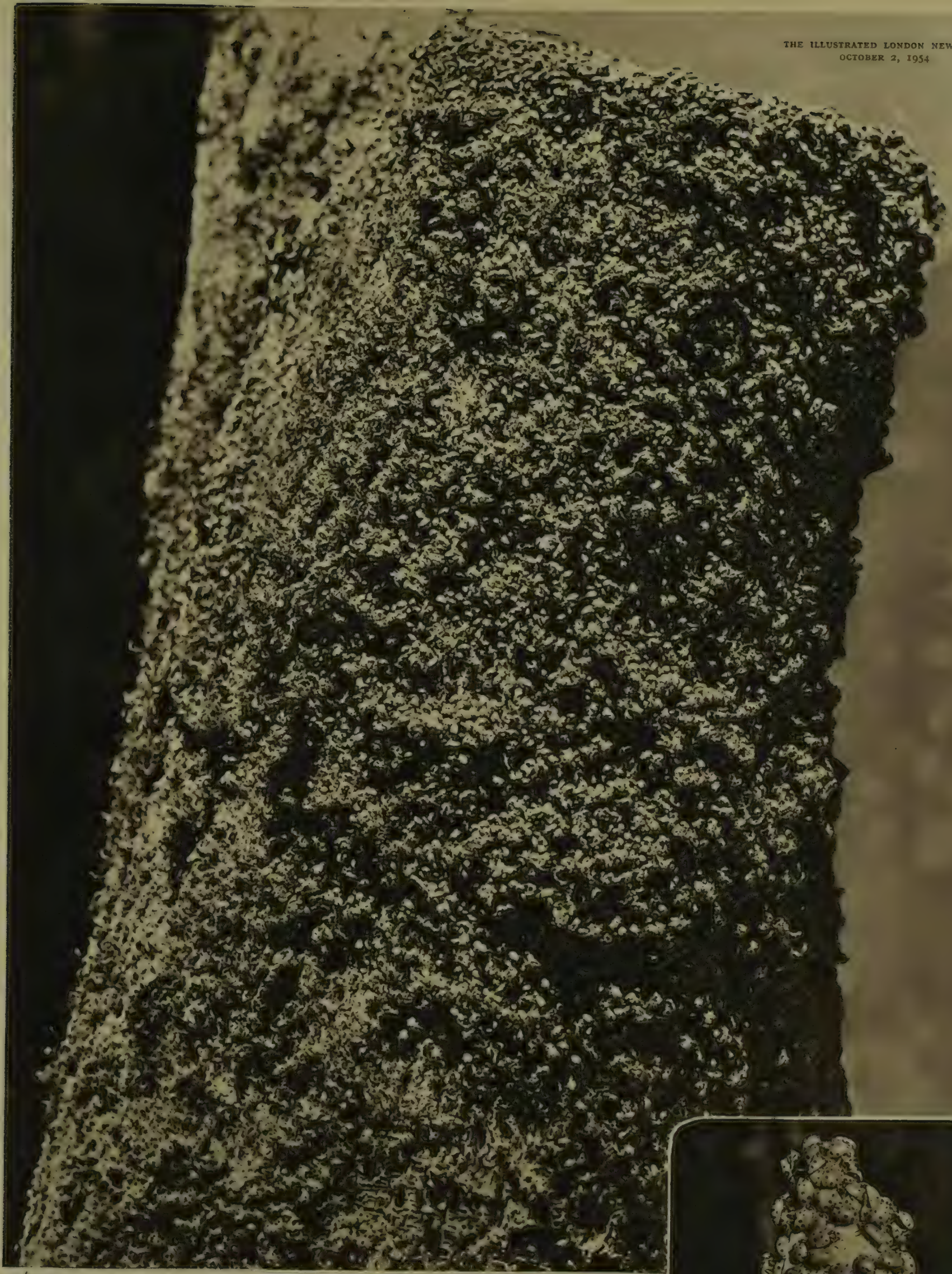
ANOTHER EXAMPLE OF THE SHALE CARVING OF THE HAIDA INDIANS OF QUEEN CHARLOTTE ISLANDS, B.C. A WOMAN AND DAUGHTER, 10 INS. HIGH, SHOWING TRACES OF COLOUR.



OF THE LATE EIGHTEENTH OR EARLY NINETEENTH CENTURY: A NAVAL OFFICER AND BOAT CREW, COMPLETE WITH PIGTAILS. WEST AFRICAN WORK IN BRONZE. 4 INS. LONG



A CURIOUSLY MOVING PORTRAIT OF A LIVINGSTONE-LIKE MISSIONARY WITH HIS BIBLE: A CARVING IN WOOD, PAINTED, FROM THE CONGO MOUTH DISTRICT. 22 INS. HIGH.

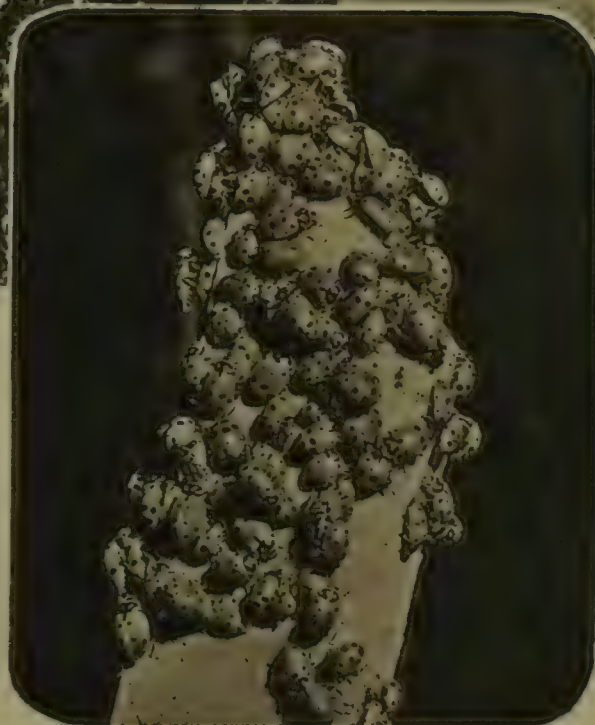


TRANSFORMING THE TRUNK OF A CALIFORNIAN LAUREL, OR BAY-TREE, INTO A BRIGHT-RED CARPET: LADYBIRDS (*HIPPODAMIA CONVERGENS*) SWARMING ON A TREE IN INVERNESS, NEAR SAN FRANCISCO.

(RIGHT.) LADYBIRDS MASSES ON A GARDEN STAKE IN A SHELTERED CANYON ALONG THE CALIFORNIAN COAST.

THE RIDDLE OF WHY LADYBIRDS "FLY AWAY HOME": SWARMS IN CALIFORNIA.

VARIETIES of the ladybird (*Coccinella*) are found in most parts of the world, and are almost everywhere regarded as friendly and are particularly welcomed by farmers and gardeners, since they destroy aphids. The photographs of ladybirds on this page were taken by Mr. Woodbridge Williams, of Inverness, California, who contributed an interesting article about the swarming of ladybirds to a recent issue of *Natural History*. Mr. Williams took these photographs in a deep wooded canyon at Inverness, in Marin County, near San Francisco, where he saw the bright orange-red beetles swarming over the ground and up into a large bay-tree. It was some time afterwards, when he was talking to the late Dr. Edwin C. Van Dyke, an authority on beetles, that he realised what an interesting phenomenon he had encountered at Inverness, for it appears that these swarms of *Hippodamia convergens* and related species occur every year in the same spots. The reason for this has not yet been explained by biologists, though several theories have been advanced. Dr. Van Dyke believed that one of the factors in determining the final swarming area was that of smell, and that the strong odour of the ladybirds permeated the congregating area and attracted the insects back the following year.



NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

IT is in the nature of an epic to demand a certain amount of staying power, but as the Occidental has not much, he is not gravely tried. If he gets through "The Faerie Queene," honour is satisfied. Whereas the Indian epic has no bounds; the problem there is not to reach the end of the story, but to arrive in sight of the beginning. I never could—and I supposed the "Indian genius" was to blame. If so, "Rama Retold," by Aubrey Mennen (Chatto and Windus; 12s. 6d.), must have left it out. This tale is neat and sparkling, secular and short; so short that Rama's wanderings, the abduction of his wife and the alliance against Ravana would not fill half the book, without some brand-new fables as an extra. Nor do we have to wind our way into the narrative. It starts right off, crisp as an apple; and the opening sketch, of life and manners in Ayodhya twenty-five centuries ago, is nearly the best part. And not at all exotic either. "Twenty-five centuries is a long time ago, but the Indians were in many ways as civilised as we are to-day. There were great cities with immense bazaars in which the shopkeeper cheated his customers and was in turn cheated by the merchants. The merchants were robbed by a vast Civil Service, and the Civil Servants kissed the big toes of the politicians, who were known as courtiers. The courtiers were Brahmins, and the Brahmins were the top dogs. . . . In those far-off days they had not yet become a rigid and hereditary caste. Any man could become a Brahmin provided he set himself up to know better than his fellow-men, and was sharp enough to get away with it. . . ."

That should suggest the tone. It is not, "modern," as one might hastily conclude, and still less universal; it is eighteenth-century. These Brahmins are the intriguing priesthood of the *philosophes*. The supernatural is bunk. The exiled Prince is Candide on a higher level. As for the grinning poet Valmiki, who becomes his host, and cures his greenness with moral tales and "reprehensible opinions," he is distinctly Voltaire by another name. Most of the inset fables are against "enthusiasm"—to which Prince Rama youthfully inclines, and which he has to be laughed out of; and there the wonderful has its right place, as a poetic toy. In fact, the only modern touch is the attitude to Sita's virtue. It is all thoroughly amusing; and charming, too, with its balanced, likeable quartet, the mirthful sage, the strenuous, romantic *ingénu*, and those good, simple realists, his wife and brother. But—has it anything to do with India? Yes, says the author; it is a mirror of the Indian Enlightenment, more genuine than the real thing.

OTHER FICTION.

"A Toast to Lady Mary," by Doris Leslie (Hutchinson; 12s. 6d.), brings us the eighteenth century direct, in a robust form. It is the life-story of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, beauty, ambassadress and "female wit": a child of that great age, when the brutality of English manners was renowned in Europe. Here they are not unduly modified; Mary and her "devoted" sister, in their earliest youth, talk Billingsgate and fight like cats. Even allowing for the time, this heroine had not much softness. Her frame was small; her eyelashes were long and curled; but her pretensions were to intellect. She was "a rake at reading," and all her main blunders in life grew out of literary courtships. The first of these ended in marriage. Why she was set on Wortley Montagu, that cautious, finical young stick, has now become rather a puzzle. He was extremely slow to offer for her, and prompt in quarrelling with her father about marriage settlements; but they eloped at last, when she was all but married to another man. Edward then seemed to have a future; he was a friend of Addison's, apparently a rising Whig—but nothing came of it, except the embassy to Constantinople, which was her finest hour. It gave her something to write home about—and gave the West the secret of inoculation against smallpox. On their return to London, Edward was through; but Lady Mary was the vogue. Then she committed her worst gaffe; she saw too much of Pope, fell out with him, and was pursued, with unbelievable scurrility, for ever after.

This book omits her last, eccentric years as an expatriate. There was enough without—scenes from the court of Anne and of George I., a glimpse of Turkish manners and harems, and a whole cohort of celebrities, in every style. Even the supers in the narrative are twopence-coloured. It is well based, freely supported by quotation, and, if not always lucid, vigorous to a degree.

In "Ticket of Leave," by Georges Simenon (Routledge and Kegan Paul; 8s. 6d.), we have another neat and cheerless little masterpiece, a drifter's tragedy on the old model. Though it starts off in squalid innocence. Jean is at large again on a bright day; and he has not gone far, when he is picked up by the widow Couderc. "Tati" has a little farm by a canal; and there he settles like a child, doing the odd jobs, and feeling blissfully content. For he has never wanted to grow up. He can't stand problems, or responsibility; just to get rid of them, he killed a man—and narrowly escaped the axe. And so for him, this is a buckshee life in Eden. But, of course, Tati is grown up. She is at mortal feud with the Coudercs; she loathes the thin girl on the other bank. . . . While Jean drifts supinely towards her, to complete his destiny.

I am afraid he struck me as subhuman. But the Couderc ménage, the daily life of the canal-bank, all the minute particulars are almost visible.

"According to the Evidence," by Henry Cecil (Chapman and Hall; 10s. 6d.), is once again a "legal" novel, but with an infusion of straightforward suspense. The trial of Gilbert Essex leads to an acquittal signifying "Not Proven": though it is plain enough that he *did* kill the girl, that she was not the first, and that she won't, now, be the last. However, somebody disposes of him. Which is a huge relief, but it won't do; if Alec Morland was the benefactor, he must be called to account. His trial is managed unofficially by Ambrose Low (of *No Bail for the Judge*), with the egregious aid of Colonel Brain; and it includes some nasty shocks and hair-raising alarms, of which the jury is perhaps the worst. Also, it is exceedingly instructive. And finally, the author's wit, and his unrivalled turn for dialogue, are in full force.

K. JOHN.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

TALES OF GALLANTRY.

AT first sight "The Edge of The Sword," by Captain Anthony Farrar-Hockley, D.S.O., M.C. (Muller; 12s. 6d.), would seem to be little more than a well-written account of individual and collective heroism of the first order. But it is something more. It contains lessons for the statesmen and the politicians which they should study with something more than casual attention. In particular, one could have wished that some members of the recent delegation of politicians to China could have read Captain Farrar-Hockley's book before they set out. It might have given them pause to consider whether there was not something very different and something far less pleasant behind the smooth speeches of welcome, the bouquets, verbal and floral, the polished interpreters, the toasts and the banquets, of which the men who, like Captain Farrar-Hockley, fought against and endured captivity at the hands of the Chinese, could have had something to tell them. As I say, it is, on the face of it, a fairly simple story. Captain Farrar-Hockley was the adjutant of the 1st battalion of the Gloucestershire Regiment at the time of its immortal stand on the Imjin River. He has a pleasing style and its clarity brings vividly to life the heat and confusion, the stoicism under ever-increasing casualties and ever-increasing pressure which made the battle of the Gloucesters one of the great military epics of Britain's long military history. He saw the battle from every aspect—from the H.Q. Command Post to that of the ordinary rifleman, when casualties among the officers made it necessary for him to take over command of a company. When it was hopeless and surrender was inevitable, his immediate thought was of how to escape. But for ill-luck, he would have succeeded in this first attempt—an attempt made immediately after the exhausting battle, and which, when it failed, meant that he had been without food for more than three days. In captivity, Captain Farrar-Hockley and his comrades behaved with the same gallantry under torture and privation as they had in action. This is where, to my mind, the moral for the politicians comes in.

"As I stripped off my filthy, lousy shirt and jersey, I knew that I was in a torture chamber. Yet, my mind could not conceive it. I was living in the twentieth century—the year A.D. nineteen hundred and fifty-one. Surely, these three men could never bring themselves to torture me in cold blood." The answer to the problem—or, rather, the clue to its gravity—lies in those words "A.D." It is not the Year of Our Lord to a Chinese or any other kind of Marxist. The first League of Nations failed, as the United Nations Organisation is failing, for the reason that you can have no international law until you have a commonly accepted international morality. It may be possible to co-exist peaceably with Communism—but only on the basis of a ruthless appreciation of the fact that words for the Westerner, educated broadly in the Christian tradition, and for the Eastern Marxist, mean entirely different things. As Major-General Brodie writes in a foreword: "Here he [the intending soldier] may learn what is meant by real discipline and inspiring leadership, of the part played by regimental tradition and regimental spirit in proper units, and to what heights men can rise because of them. He, and the civilian, too, may see why the British have still got something that the rest of the world envies." A fine book.

"The Unseen and Silent," Anonymous; translated from the Polish by George Iranek-Osmecki (Sheed and Ward; 21s.), is the story related under their pseudonyms by surviving paratroops of the Polish Home Army. Trained in England or Scotland, these Paratroopers constituted the only physical link between the Poles who were carrying on the struggle on free soil and those who were fighting indomitably the worst that the Gestapo could do to them, on Polish soil. The individual stories are intensely exciting. But for any Briton they must convey a message of sorrow for the fact that so much gallantry was unavailing, and a sense of shame that men such as these should have been delivered tied and bound into the hands of even worse enemies. This book is at once a memorial and a painful reminder of what we owe to the men and women of Free Poland.

Another tale of gallantry is "Tiger Squadron," by Wing-Commander Ira (Taffy) Jones, D.S.O., M.C., D.F.C., M.M. (Allen; 15s.). This is the story of the great No. 74 Squadron, R.A.F., of which Wing-Commander Jones, an Ace in World War I., and the trainer of many of its aces in World War II., is the oldest member. In the first war the balance of air fighting swayed backwards and forwards, from the days when contending pilots shot at each other with revolvers or shot-guns, to the final stages, when the R.A.F. possessed some 20,000 machines and had secured complete mastery of the air. I remember Sir Arthur Bryant, a pilot in World War I., telling me that one of his nightmares is having to fly the type of 'planes, in which they then cheerfully fought and performed aerobatics, on a short, straight, cross-country flight to-day. For Wing-Commander Jones, Mannock was his hero of World War I. and the creator of No. 74 Squadron's fighting spirit; "Sailor" Malan the upholder of that tradition and the hero of World War II. Incidentally, the table of victories of the aces of World

War I. is infinitely greater than that of their counterparts in World War II., in spite of the much longer operational lives of the latter. This is no doubt due to the much higher speed of the aircraft involved—a fact to which Wing-Commander Jones bears rueful testimony after he had taken an unauthorised part in a *Spitfire* sweep over France.

Another amazing veteran—though, like Wing-Commander Jones, comparatively young in years—is Lieut.-General James Doolittle, one of the greatest of American air aces, and the hero of "The Amazing Mr. Doolittle," by Quentin Reynolds (Cassell; 18s.). The list of achievements of this remarkable man is too long to be recounted here, but it includes the winning of the Schneider Trophy, and his progress from a stunt pilot after World War I. to commanding the U.S. 8th Air Force, based on Britain, which all who remember those vast daylight sweeps will recall with admiration. Whether as an individual of immense courage or as an organiser of great ability, General Doolittle is one of the most remarkable flyers alive to-day.

E. D. O'BRIEN.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

THE success of Paignton's fourth successive annual congress in the lovely marbled Oldway Mansion justifies the belief that this September festival may be with us to adorn the English chess picture for years to come. The Devon Chess Association are the sponsors; R. C. Fogwill the "man on the spot."

This year they kindly invited me into a Premier Tournament somewhat weaker than usual. The schedule gave me the definite, if slight, advantage of four Whites in seven games. My adversaries adopted just the openings I know and like; one left on a mate in two, another overlooked a simple queen fork, another, with a completely won game, frittered away all his advantage, declined the offer of a draw, then handed me a piece for nothing. I sat there, pushing pieces about whilst they companionably hoisted me to a slightly absurd 6½ points out of seven, two whole points ahead of T. H. Tylov and F. E. A. Kitto who tied for second place. Never can I expect so much good fortune in one tournament again. Here is my win against the Devon champion:

King's Indian Defence.

White	Black	White	Black
KITTO	WOOD	KITTO	WOOD
1. P-QB4	Kt-KB3	6. P-Q4	QKt-Q2
2. Kt-QB3	P-KKt3	7. Castles	P-K4
3. P-KKt3	B-Kt2	8. P-KR3	P-B3
4. B-Kt2	Castles	9. B-Kt5	P-KR3
5. Kt-B3	P-Q3	10. B×Kt	Q×B

White's last and next moves, though they form a system Kitto has practised with success, do not appeal to me. Black is left with equal development and a better centre—more than he has any right, as second player, to expect.

11. P×P	P×P	13. P-B4	P×P
12. Kkt-Q2	Q-K2	14. P×P	Kt-B4

Already envisaging the excursion to Q6 three moves, and the sacrifice four moves, later.

As I could not effectively prevent the clearly foreshadowed P-K4, I had to strive to exploit the fact that on that square the pawn temporarily blocks the action of three white pieces.

15. P-K4	B-Q5ch	16. K-R2	R-Q1
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Post-game analysis revealed that my opponent was continually expecting me to complete my development, in routine manner, by . . . B-K3 and a move of the QR. But always there was something better. Such games as this are snares for the learner, they are an all too enticing exception—to the law "get all your pieces out"—which prove the rule.

17. Q-K2	Kt-Q6!	18. P-K5	
Not 18. Q×Kt? B-Kt8ch; 19. K×B, R×Q.			
18. . . .	Kt×BP!	19. R×Kt	Q×P
Not 19. . . . B×P?? 20. K-R1! Black's KB is pinned and he is lost.			
20. QR-KB1	B×Kt		

This not only destroys the guard to White's queen, but keeps up the threat of . . . P-KKt4 as well.

21. Kt-K4	B×P	23. B-K4	B-B8
22. Kt-B6ch	K-R1	Resigns	

For if 23. R×B, then 23. Q×Rch comes. And, to cap all, 24. . . . R-Q7 is threatened.

War I. is infinitely greater than that of their counterparts in World War II., in spite of the much longer operational lives of the latter. This is no doubt due to the much higher speed of the aircraft involved—a fact to which Wing-Commander Jones bears rueful testimony after he had taken an unauthorised part in a *Spitfire* sweep over France.

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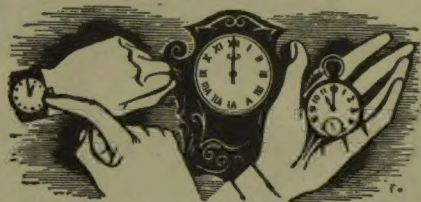
OCTOBER

THE BLIND SPOT

We live, it is frequently alleged, and learn. But some lessons are oddly elusive, and if, on the evening which sees the end of Summer Time, it were possible by some form of telepathic radar to conduct a nation-wide public opinion poll, there would be a striking lack of unanimity in our answers to the question: "Should the hands of the clock be put on or put back at the end of summer-time?" One trusts that the putters-back would outnumber the putters-on; but it might not be by a very wide margin, and there would, one cannot help fearing, be a discredibly large total of "Don't Knows".

Why, in almost every household, should summer's lease expire in a minor flurry of controversy? ("But if we gain an hour, surely it doesn't make sense to put the clock back." "I'm positive that's what we did last year, dear. Don't you remember? I went and asked Mother . . .") Why, every autumn, do we make such heavy weather of our elementary experiment with time?

None can say. We are a modest race. As our orators and our leader-writers frequently remind us, we are not given to bragging about those qualities of commonsense and good judgment to which, happily combined as they are with a lively imagination and a practical grasp of detail, we owe as a nation our reputation for sagacity. Our modesty is particularly appropriate at the end of Summer Time.



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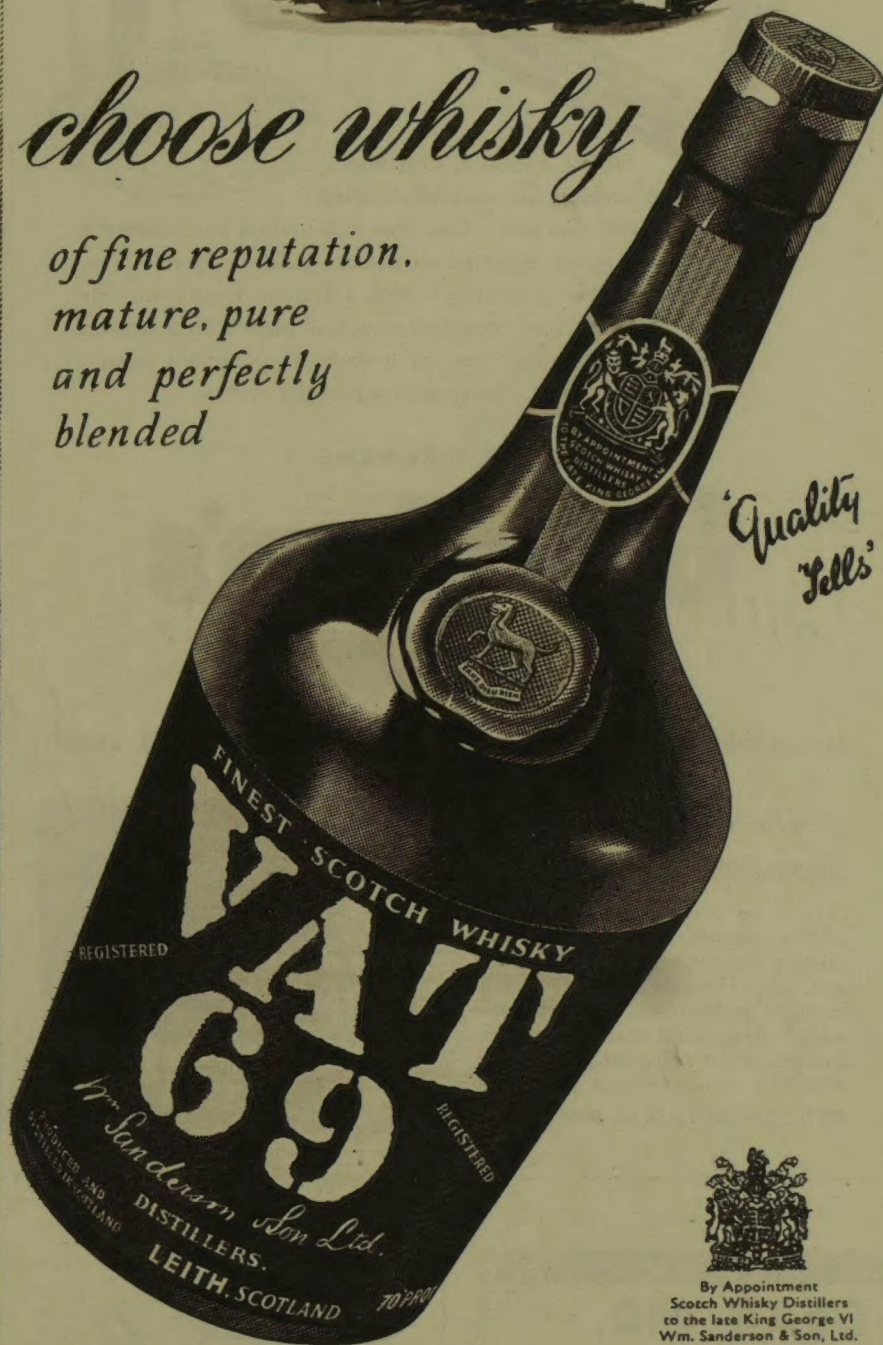
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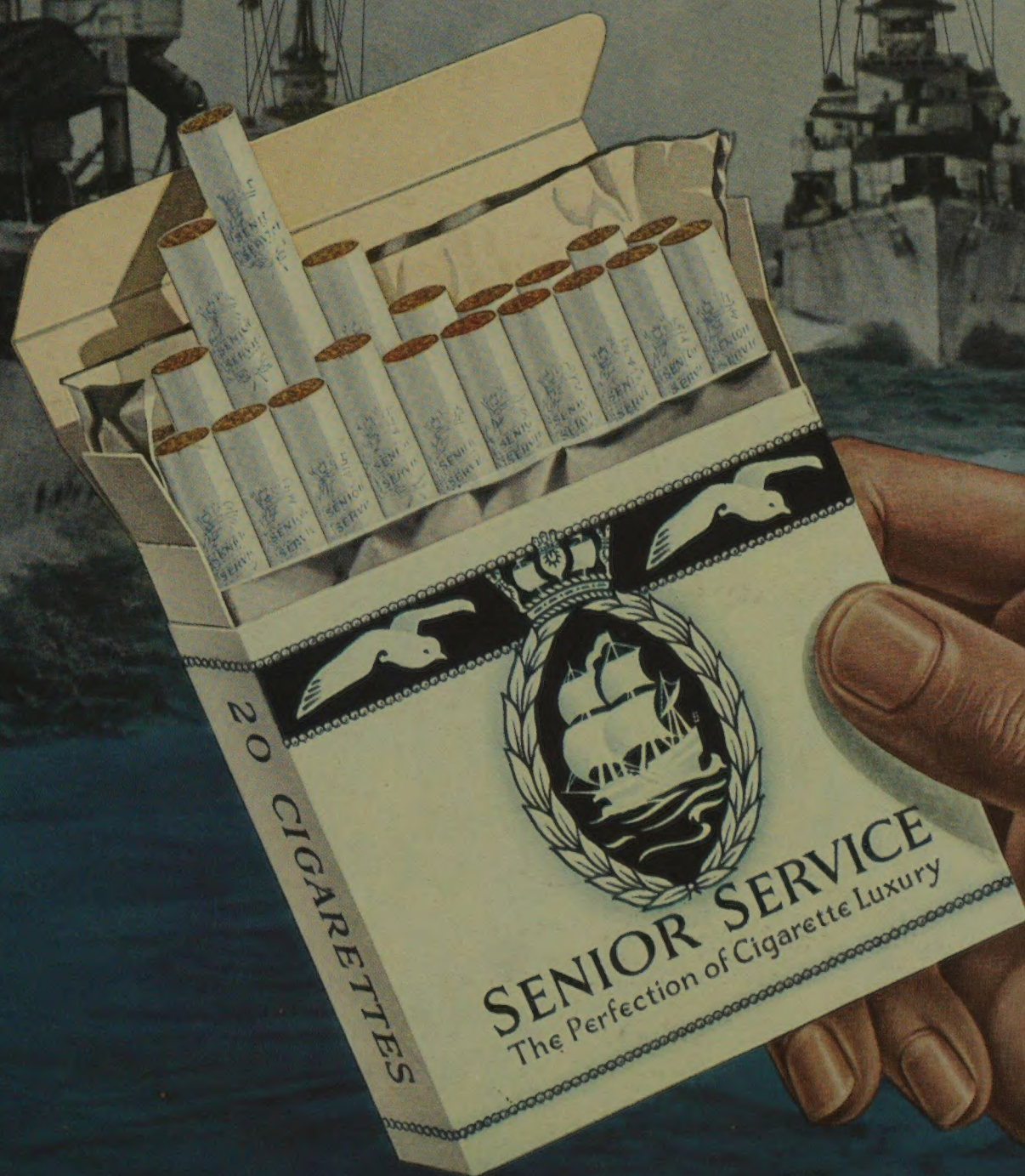
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